Scribner's

MAGAZINE

February, 1939
Vol. 105, No. 2

A new reader has asked for a forty-word definition of the SCRIBNER'S formula. SCRIBNER'S examines life in the United States; is primarily concerned with the men, media, and institutions influencing that life. SCRIBNER'S examines with fact, fiction, photographs, and art; employs all four tools in order to be realistic, incisive, important, and interesting . . . That's forty words and here's a 100 per cent dividend: SCRIBNER'S examines the present, re-examines the past, previews the future. Examples, respectively, of these three major techniques are "Hugh A. Drum" (page 5), "The Greatest Mutiny in History" (November issue), and "Selling George VI to the U. S." (page 16) . . . Incidentally, the rest of this space must go to an acknowledgement. The mastheads which illustrate the George VI preview are used by courtesy of the eight newspapers. They permitted us to make up their front pages any way we wished, and while we have done the headlines in each paper's own style, we want to clear them of any responsibility.

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Courtesy of the Rehn Galleries

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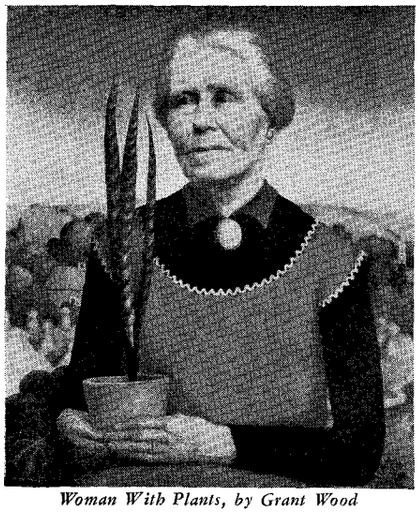

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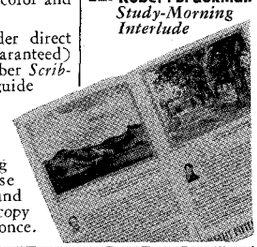

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STRAWS IN THE WIND

Caricaturist (*See Cover*)

The portrait on this month's cover is Alexander Brook's "Peggy Bacon and Metaphysics." Peggy Bacon is the wife of the artist. She is also a smart New Yorker, a writer (verse and whimsey), and perpetrator of the most slyly insulting caricatures of the day. Some of them may be found in her book, *Off With Their Heads!* and more recently in Margaret Halsey's *With Malice Toward Some.*

Brook's stock as an artist began to climb in the early twenties, then swung up sharply about ten years ago. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1898, he moved over to Manhattan in a few years and, when he was seventeen, entered the Art

FROM "OFF WITH THEIR HEADS!" BY PEGGY BACON

Alexander Brook

Students League. He met Peggy Bacon there and married her in 1920.

When we visited Brook's studio, an enormous room at the top of a house on Washington Square, he was finishing a full-length portrait of Katharine Hepburn. There were a lot of paintings on the walls, including one dour interior Brook did when he was fifteen (two highly agitated women looking out upon a relentless sea). Across from this hung photographs of his children—Sandy, sixteen, and Belinda, eighteen.

In one corner stood a twelve-foot-high mural, half-finished and destined for the new Washington, D. C., post office. Brook swung the panel around, talked about it for ten minutes, and verified Peggy Bacon's description of him: ". . . a violent stare compound of rage

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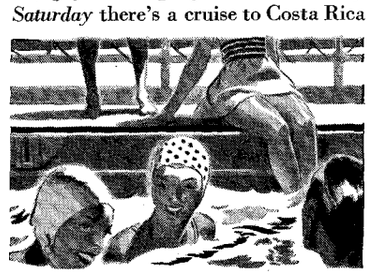

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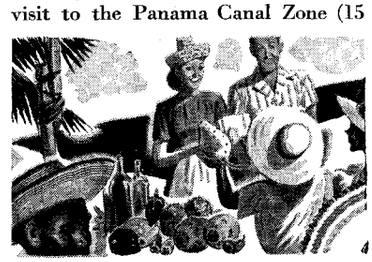

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and gaiety, slightly berserk . . . an air of force and energy . . . mercurial, overbearing and intense."

Metaphysics: the black cat, erstwhile Brook family pet, now deceased.

Anzac

Major Eliot, who wrote the article on Hugh A. Drum, is himself a good military story. Probably the shortest way of telling it is to quote what *Time* wrote when reviewing his book, *The Ramparts We Watch:* "Big, stoop-shouldered George Fielding Eliot got his baptism of fire as a second lieutenant of Australian infantry. He began to write, however, as a major of the U. S. military intelligence reserve. Behind this shift of allegiance lay a long story: born in Brooklyn forty-four years ago, he migrated to Australia with his parents at eight, returned to the U. S. to school, was in college at Melbourne when the War broke out. He fought at the Dardanelles from May through August, 1915, was transferred to the Western Front, where he went through the battles of the Somme, Paschendaele, Arras, Amiens.

"Back in the U. S., Lieutenant Eliot became a reserve officer (the courts decided that his oath to the King did not count because he had been under 21 when he made it). . . . In Kansas City in 1926 he picked up a pulp magazine, *War Stories,* decided he could do as well, typed out an account of a war experience, got $100 for it.

"Fluent, forthright, well-informed, Major Eliot's ordinary conversation is a blend of profanity, military terminology and rolling oratorical flourishes. It brought him success as a lecturer; magazine contributions gave him a reputation; and in 1937 he collaborated with Major Richard Ernest Dupuy in writing *If War Comes . . .*"

Notes

Josef Israels, II, has been a reporter on the old N. Y. *World* and the N. Y. *Times.* Now, as head of a publicity firm, he beats the drum for such accounts as the Empire State Building and the Imperial Ethiopian Government (ancien régime). . . . John T. Flynn has been writing authoritatively on business and finance for twenty years. . . . Will Irwin is known as a war correspondent, magazine writer, and author of some twenty-five books. . . . Bergen Evans is in the English Department of Northwestern University. . . . Dorothy Canfield, novelist and short-story writer, spends most of her time in Arlington, Vt. She speaks six languages, is one of the Book-of-the-Month Club judges.

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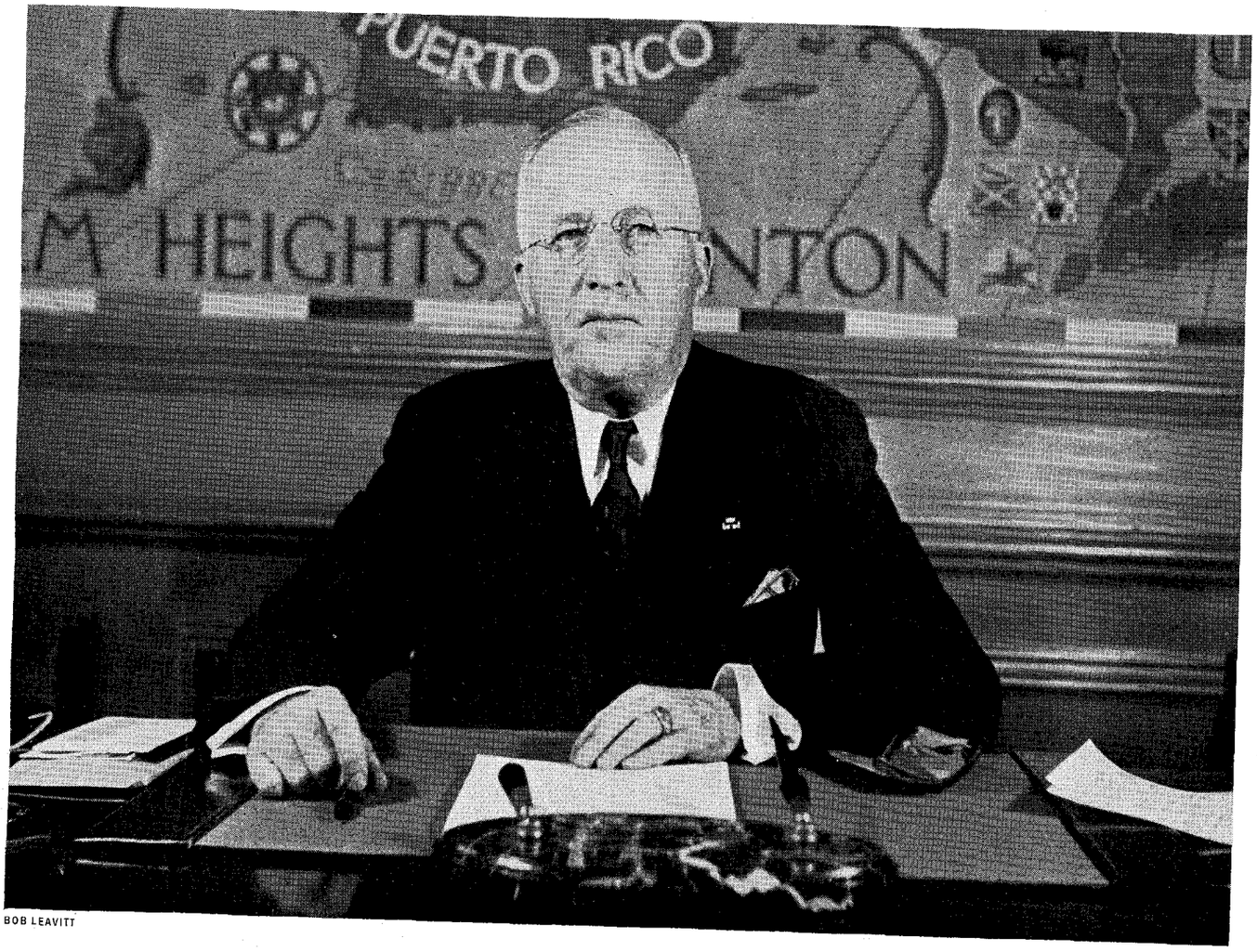

BOB LEAVITT

Hugh A. Drum

BY GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

SCRIBNER'S EXAMINES: *a general . . . potentially the Army's next Chief of Staff . . . his record at St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne . . . his present duties and military theories*

JULY 4, 1918. There was pomp and panoply in the ancient château on the outskirts of the little French town of Chaumont-en-Bassigny. Outside, the morning sunlight glittered on the hoods of half a dozen beflagged motorcars, on the fixed bayonets of the sentries of the Headquarters Guard. Within, at the head of the long hall, the Commander-in-Chief of the American Expeditionary Forces was presenting the officers of his staff to Marshal Philippe Pétain, Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of France. The two men stood together—the tall, soldierly, iron-jawed Pershing in somber olive drab relieved only by the ribbons on his left breast; Pétain—

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gray-mustached, kindly of face, almost equally tall—in horizon blue, with his beloved wrapped puttees below and the bright scarlet képi, with its band of golden embroidery, above.

The staff filed by, pausing each for a brief word, a quick handshake. There was an electric tension about it all. The rumor was abroad that, at last, an American army was to take the field. The few who knew maintained cool silence; the others gathered in little groups and whispered excitedly, their eyes straying again and again to Pershing's impassive bronzed face—the face of a man who, as he had barked at the Allied chiefs at Abbeville, had "thought this matter over very carefully, and *will not be coerced!*"

The line moved on, and well down the long file a square-shouldered, beautifully turned-out little hawk-nosed lieutenant colonel of infantry moved with the others. He was wishing himself back in his office in the great Domremont Barracks. There was work to do, plenty of it, in the Operations Section of Pershing's General Staff to which he belonged; he begrudged an hour for this ceremony; hours were precious—

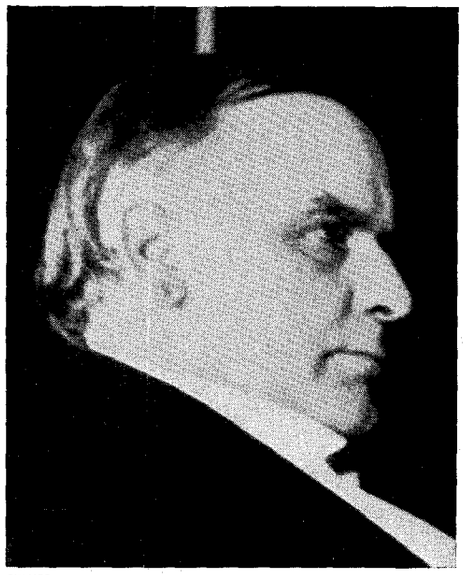
He came to a halt before Marshal Pétain.

Pershing's crisp voice lifted a little, echoed through the hall:

"I have the honor to present to you, Monsieur le Maréchal," he said, "Lieutenant Colonel Drum, Chief of Staff of the 1st American Army."

Thus was proclaimed the formation of an independent American fighting force which was to win the great battles of Saint-Mihiel and the Meuse-Argonne. The man whom Pershing had chosen to stand at his right hand stiffened to salute. He gave no outward sign of the teeming thoughts which were surging through his mind—for this was the first he knew of the responsibility which was to be his. He saluted and moved on.

That was a little more than twenty years ago, almost exactly midway in Drum's forty-one years of army service. Today, Pétain is dead, Pershing is an old man, and Hugh Aloysius Drum is the only officer left in the United States Army who held high authority during the World War. Since then he has commanded a brigade, two of the four field armies, and a division; and he has been Assistant Chief of Staff, Deputy Chief of Staff, Inspector General of the Army, and commanding general of the Hawaiian Department and three different Corps Areas. Last fall he was moved from Chicago to New York, where he has command of the premier corps area of all—the Second, with headquarters on Governors Island. This year, by the workings of the act which retires army officers at the age of sixty-four, he becomes the senior major general on the active list. And this year, if army rumor is not incorrect, he has better than a fifty-fifty chance of being named Chief of Staff of the United States Army.



CULVER

In 1898 McKinley gave an Army commission to Hugh Drum, 18. Next year Drum visited Washington and paid his respects

INTERNATIONAL

Aguinaldo, Philippine insurrectio against whom Drum first saw active se ice. Drum was decorated for gallan

II

CAPTAIN JOHN A. DRUM, U. S. A., was one of the many volunteer officers of the Civil War who afterwards obtained a commission in the Regular Army and stuck quietly to his duty during the long weary years of neglect which the Army suffered between Appomattox and the War with Spain. Drum was no new name to our little Regular Army; a Drum had fallen in Scott's attack on Mexico City, another Drum, cited for valor at Chapultepec, had later become Adjutant General. John Drum was killed in the assault on San Juan Hill. Whereafter it befell that on a September day in 1898, the President of the United States sat in his study listening to words that no President enjoys hearing:

"You can't do that, Mr. President."

William McKinley stirred in his big chair, shot a quick glance at Adjutant General Henry C. Corbin.

"Seems very fitting to me, General—commissions to the sons of the five officers killed in action in Cuba."

"Yes, I know, Mr. President," said General Corbin. "But Hugh Drum is only eighteen. You can't give a commission to a boy of that age. Let him go to West Point."

The President picked up a letter which lay on his desk.

"I am informed," he said, "that Captain Drum always wanted Hugh to follow him in the service. Is there a specific provision of law forbidding a commission to be granted to a minor?"

"No, sir. But—it's unprecedented—"

The President smiled.

"Not quite," he said. "I was a second lieutenant at nineteen myself. At Antietam. Volunteers, of course—but still—"

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He leaned forward, scratched his name at the bottom of a parchment.

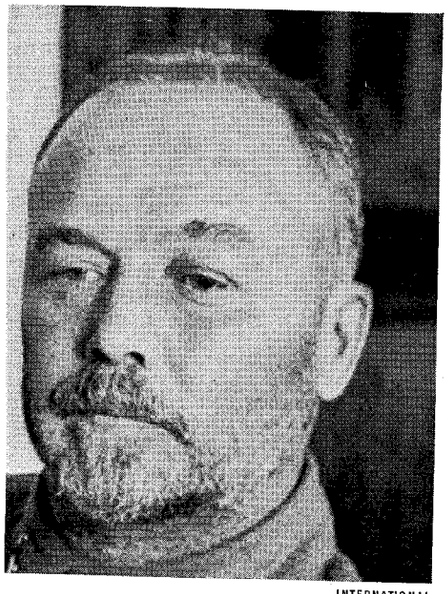
"I'll send it over to the Senate," he said. "Let them worry about the law—and the precedents."

Apparently the Senate did not trouble greatly about precedents, for the long official record of Hugh Drum's service begins in the Army Register—"2d lt 12th Inf 9 Sept 98; accepted 21 Sept 98."

Drum was what the Army affectionately calls "an army brat." He was born at Fort Brady in northern Michigan and much of his boyhood was spent at various frontier posts. In 1894, his father was detailed as instructor at the College of St. Francis Xavier, New York City. Here Hugh Drum began to display a determination to do things a little better than the next man. He was distinguished in football, baseball, and track, and in his academic work; he rose in cadet rank to be captain. So when, on his first day of service, it fell to his lot to command his company in a parade through the streets of St. Louis, there was neither hesitation nor stage fright.

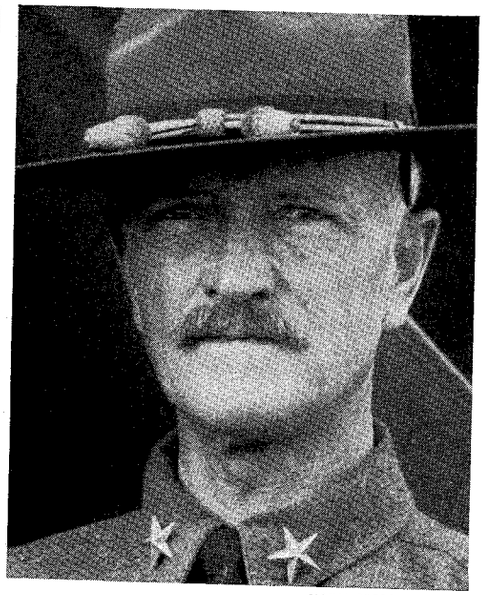
The year 1899 found him in the Philippines, serving under Lawton and MacArthur in the terrible campaign that broke the back of Aguinaldo's insurrection. It was very active service indeed—fighting malaria, flies, and bad water, as well as the wily insurrectos; wading rivers across which supply carts had to be floated while their loads were carried over on human backs; guarding against sudden alarms and ambuscades. And then came a mention in orders for gallantry in action in capturing a band of insurgents in a night attack in Zimbales Province, while commanding a company of that famous colored regiment the 25th Infantry.

That was in 1901; the next year Drum was in Mindanao, fighting Moros, winning his brevet as captain and his Silver Star for gallantry in the desperate attack on the cotas of the Sultan of Bayan, and winning also the regard of a certain square-jawed captain of cavalry named Pershing, who never forgot a good man. At the moment it seemed more important to Lieutenant Drum to have gained the approbation of the expedition commander, Colonel Frank D. Baldwin, who took him along as aide-de-camp when promoted Brigadier General and assigned to command the Department of the Visayas; took him along still when sent home to command the Department of Colorado. From Baldwin, Hugh Drum learned a lesson which he has since applied with unvarying success: never be ashamed to take good ideas from any source however humble. "I want you," said Baldwin to his young aide, "to give me your slant on everything that comes up. But I want you to give it *just once.*"



INTERNATIONAL

ıjor General Funston was impressed by um's writings on tactics, took him on ff for 1914 expedition to Vera Cruz



SIGNAL CORPS, U. S. ARMY

Pershing succeeded Funston, used Drum in Mexican campaign, then in France made him Chief of Staff of 1st American Army

INTERNATIONAL

Part of Drum's postwar service was in Washington, under Douglas MacArthur, today Field Marshal of the Filipino Army

In the years between the Philippines and the Western Front, Drum laid the foundations for high command. Assigned to the Army School of the Line at Fort Leavenworth, he graduated with honors. Entered at the Staff College, he formed associations which, as will presently be seen, were to be of tremendous value. And assigned there as instructor, he made a special study of the Franco-Prussian War and became familiar with every inch of the terrain of the Argonne Forest, the valley of the Meuse, and the plain of the Woevre. By 1914 Drum was becoming a marked man in the restricted little circle of the Regular Army. He was writing on tactical subjects. His work in improving small-arms practice was noted. His plan for attacking cities built of stone attracted the attention of Major General Fred Funston, who took him along on the staff when detailed to command the 1914 expedition to Vera Cruz. Funston thought he might have to advance inland upon certain Mexican cities. That didn't happen, but Drum remained Funston's aide-de-camp until the latter's death. He worked out plans for the

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defense of the Rio Grande frontier and for the concentration there of the Regular Army and the National Guard, which came in 1916. Brigadier General Pershing, returning from his punitive expedition into Mexico to step into Funston's shoes, examined this work, found it good, and retained Captain Drum on his staff. The next year he was on another staff set up by Pershing, the original General Headquarters Staff, A. E. F. Thus, Drum was one of the little group of officers who on a foggy gray morning in May, 1917, quietly went aboard an old steamer in Gravesend Bay, New York Harbor. Drum's introduction to Pétain was the high spot of his military life, but it scarcely eclipses the fact that he sailed with Pershing on the *Baltic*.

III

CAPTAIN DRUM'S first task (it went on while the *Baltic* was dodging submarines) was to study, as a member of a board of five officers, the important problem of which port or ports the French Government was to turn over to the A. E. F. for use in receiving and forwarding troops and supplies. This involved the calculation of the amount of freight to be handled, and Drum's figure of fifty pounds per day per man was subsequently found sufficiently accurate for all practical purposes. After inspecting the selected port (St. Nazaire), Drum reported in Paris and, as a major, went to work in the Operations Section of the General Staff. There, as a member of a board including Lieutenant Colonel Fox Conner and Major Barber, he tackled the complex problem of how the American troops were to be organized for battle. This was a task, arising out of the fact that the organization of the American Army, which was about to throw a million men into one offensive, actually differed little from that used during the Civil War. How well Conner, Barber, and Drum succeeded was shown by the smoothness with which their plan operated under the stress of battle conditions. One immediate result to Drum himself was that he was given a temporary commission as Lieutenant Colonel. He was also given a chance at front-line experience—first with the British, who were still trying to push their Passchendaele offensive through the rain and mud of Flanders. Drum was sent to the British as an observer, but he scarcely behaved as one—actually going over the top with General De Lisle's troops. After this, Drum was placed with the French, then with the American 42nd Division, then at G.H.Q. And then, on the heels of the Pershing-Pétain incident, came a staff car which took the Chief of Staff of the 1st American Army to La Ferté sous Jouarre. There Drum had to organize a headquarters which was to handle, in battle, an army which swelled, in the Saint-Mihiel offensive, to 800,000 men and grew to a million and a quarter in the Meuse-Argonne drives. At the beginning, the 1st Army headquarters consisted of himself and one chauffeur. It was soon to acquire 500 officers and 2000 men.

On July 15 the heads of his general staff sections were designated; eight days later, Drum was arranging for the relief of the French 6th Army by the American 1st Army. Yet his work was only beginning. Not only his Army headquarters, but the corps headquarters which were to function under it were improvisations; it was twenty years since a corps headquarters had existed in the United States Army, and these corps were to handle something like 100,000 men apiece—four times as many as the entire Regular Army prior to the Spanish War.

But he was fortunate in this: that the chiefs of staff of the four original corps of the Army—Craig of the I Corps, Bjornstad and, afterward, Campbell King of the III, Heintzelman of the IV Corps, and Burtt of the V—had

INTERNATIONAL

"Billy" Mitchell, with Drum in Philippines and as 1st Army air officer; he and Drum fought over air policy in 1923

ACME

Mitchell court-martialed, Rep. Blanton urged like penalty for Drum, later saw his work in Hawaii and became friendly

INTERNATIONAL

General Malin Craig, the present C of Staff, retires in August. Army ru points to General Drum as his succ

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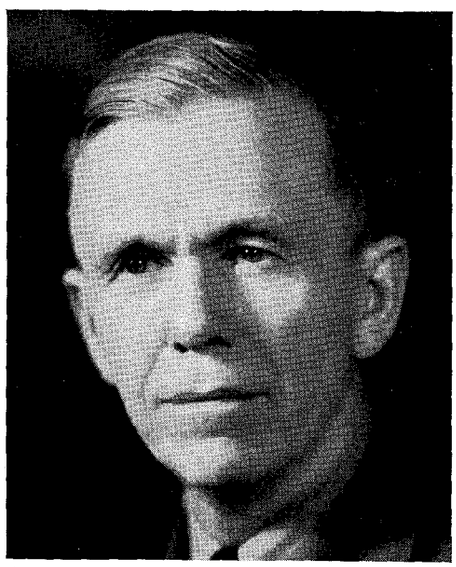
all been his fellow students at Leavenworth. They spoke the same language; the same words conveyed similar thoughts.

On August 10 the relief of the French 6th Army was carried out along the Vesle. But ahead, Pershing had his eye on the Saint-Mihiel salient, and Drum was directed to prepare plans for shifting the Army to the new sector. And before Saint-Mihiel was won, Drum and his 1st Army staff were already at work on plans for the Meuse-Argonne—fighting one battle and planning another at the same time, with new troops and untried staffs, serious shortages of ammunition and supplies. The results, under the circumstances, were astounding.

How great a part Drum had in the forging of that instrument of victory has been recognized by General Pershing and Marshal Foch, officially and otherwise; recognized also by those who served with him; not so generally recognized by his fellow citizens, prone to think only of the "big names."

Through it all, Drum never forgot his ingrained belief —born of his father's teaching—in the human element as the basis of all military accomplishment. Before the Meuse-Argonne he was discovering time, amidst all his crowding responsibilities, to visit almost every front-line unit, to talk with the men, to tell them in his firm impressive way what was expected of them.



INTERNATIONAL

ior General John DeWitt, another con-ler, served under Drum in France, is mmandant of the Army War College

Also in the running is Brigadier General Marshall. He, too, served under Drum in France; today is Deputy Chief of Staff

During one phase of the Meuse-Argonne drive he found a terrific traffic jam in the dusk of an autumn day: it was on a road over whose pavement, broken by guns and trucks, troops and camions labored along through mud that was ankle- and hub-deep, one column going up to the front and another—empty trucks and the groaning ambulances full of wounded—coming back. At one point, traffic was completely stopped by a great mud hole, at which a party of exhausted pioneers were laboring. They were utterly worn out, and they had no tools, only their bare hands and a few gunny sacks with which they were contriving to carry rocks to throw into the seemingly bottomless pit. Suddenly, out of the gathering shadows, they saw the Army Chief of Staff standing there in the mud watching them.

"You've got to help me win this battle, boys," he said. "There are men up front waiting for reinforcements and ammunition, and it all depends on you."

Not a Napoleonic speech—nothing about "Soldier! Before you lie the plains of Italy!" Just a few words, almost casually spoken—and as Drum walked on, he heard a corporal shout:

"Come on, gang! Give Fritz another volley of rocks!"

That is Hugh Drum. He is not dramatic, but he gets things done.

IV

DRUM was a brigadier general when the Armistice was signed, but with the demobilization, all temporary rank disappeared, and he found himself once again a major of infantry. But for a harassed Senate, which adjourned in 1921 without taking action on his appointment, Drum would have been a brigadier general that year. As it was, he had to wait until the tail end of 1922 to get his brigadier's commission and until 1930 before he became a major general. During this postwar decade he moved about a great deal—taught in and became Commandant of the Command and General Staff School at Leavenworth, was senior instructor of the New York National Guard, and commanded the 2nd Coast Artillery District.

In 1923 Pershing called General Drum to Washington as Assistant Chief of Staff for Operations and Training. The army was going through the throes of reorganization and the clamor of the air enthusiasts led by "Billy" Mitchell was getting a lot of front-page space. Drum headed a board to consider the Army's aerial requirements; later he served as executive chairman of the Baker Board, which made a broader and more comprehensive survey under the order of the President. Inevitably Drum, who saw what Leavenworth calls "the big picture," clashed with those who insisted that the airplane was the be-all and end-all of modern war, that navies and armies were obsolete. There were alarums and excursions, Congressional investigation, yards of angry argument in newspapers and magazines.

"Does General Drum know anything about air service?" Representative Perkins asked of Mitchell.

"Nothing whatever!" snapped Mitchell.

Time—and the experience of (*continued on page* 36)

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I Pick 'Em Up

BERGEN EVANS

THE EXPERIENCES *of a motorist who can't pass up a hitchhiker . . . the dear old lady with the gun, the little boy with the lamb, the prophet . . . a Life in U. S. article*

WHEN a boy of high-school age was sentenced in St. Louis last year for the murder of five different people from whom he had begged rides along the highway, a hundred tales of horror were substantiated.

You hear them everywhere: X had his pocket picked by a hitchhiker, Y was sued, and Z now sleeps in the old churchyard! And when the wind cries in the chimney and the lights burn blue, we are told even more eerie things. There is the seductive girl in sables who said that her Duesenberg had broken down and begged a lift to the next town. Overpowered by her charm, the simple Samaritan forgot that the next town was just across the state line and just under the Mann Act, and now he is the haggard and bankrupt victim of blackmail. Then there is the fragile old lady from beneath whose petticoat peeped the cuffs of a man's trousers or from whose knitting bag protruded the muzzle of a machine gun—I forget which. At any rate, the kind-hearted motorist who was about to let her get into his car saw it in the nick of time and stepped on the accelerator. She's become quite a legendary figure, this dear old menace. She flits in the dusk on the outskirts of Chicago and appears in the dawn southwest of Denver. Late revelers have passed her on the Boston Post Road and the winter visitor sees her in Florida, where her artillery is sometimes hidden under Spanish Moss and sometimes wreathed in orange blossoms.

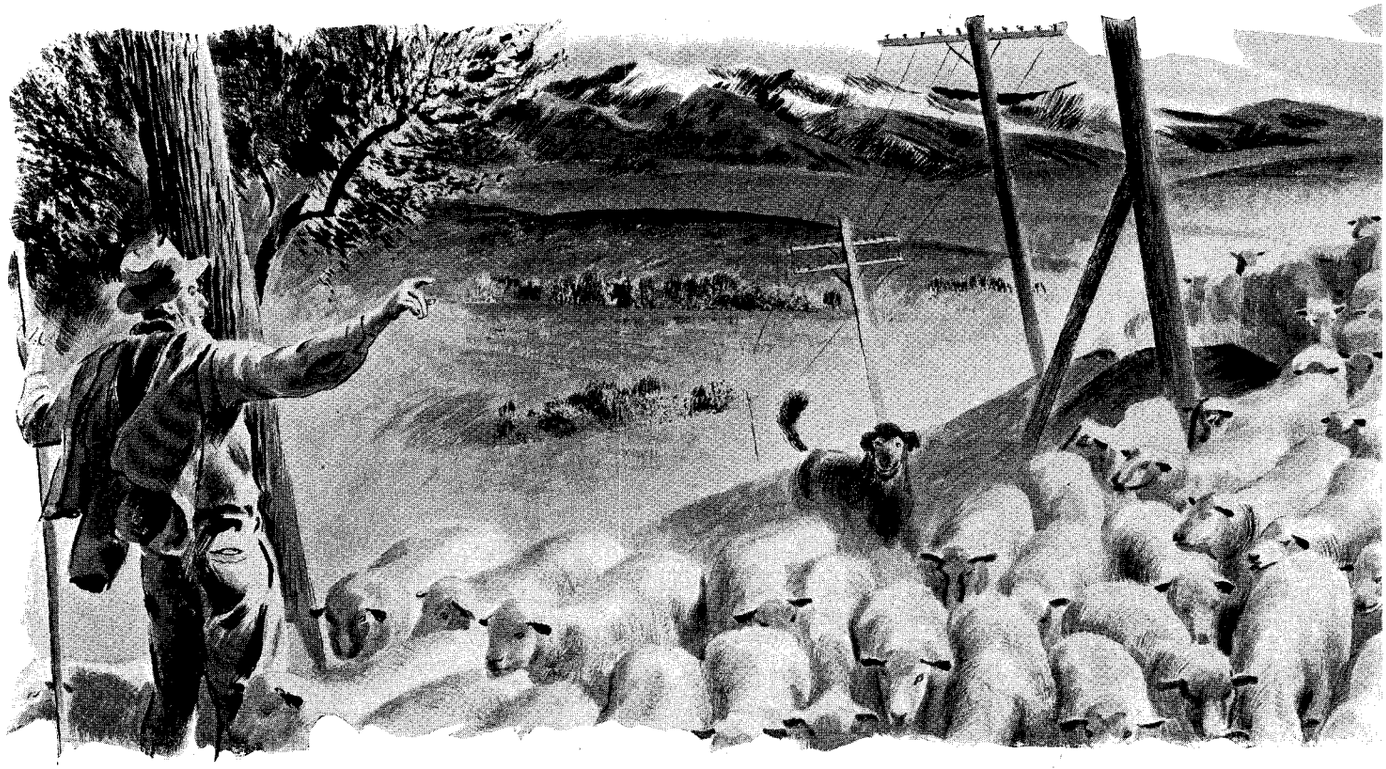
She proves that "You *never* can tell." And the narrator of her exploits has an unfailing warning: "Don't pick 'em up! Don't pick *any* of 'em up!"

Still, I go on picking them up.

There *is* an element of danger in picking up a stranger along the highway. Not all of the stories are myths. People *have* been robbed, people *have* been sued, and people *have* been murdered by chance passengers.

Even so, I believe that for every instance of murderous ingratitude on the part of those who have begged rides there could be cited many instances of sincere gratitude.

I have picked up scores of vagrants. They have driven



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for me, have helped me with the tires and have fixed things about the car, and not one has ever threatened me.

That is, I think not one. There is one experience about which I am still uncertain. It was in California, south of Salinas on the way to Los Angeles. The man was standing by a railroad crossing, and I was too intent upon the possibility of an approaching train to examine him carefully, or I would never have stopped, for he was one of the toughest mugs I have ever seen. Tough in every way—his appearance, his manner, and his speech. There was an alarming friendliness about him too, a tendency to thwack me on the back or dig me in the ribs at critical moments on hills and curves. But as the day wore on, my concern vanished; he seemed to be a simple-hearted bear, boisterous and boastful but innocent enough. After dark, however, he became silent, and my first impression of him revived a little. Beyond Ventura we had to make a detour. It was spitting rain, and the dirt road twisted through an impenetrable blackness. After about half an hour of complete silence, in which time we had passed no houses or cars, he suddenly said, "What'd you do if somebody stuck you up, some guy you'd picked up maybe?" Startled, I could think of nothing but the truth: "I would *try* to stop the car," I said, "but I would probably be so scared that I would step on the gas and go over the cliff." And then, having regained my composure a little, "There's a lot of insanity in my family."

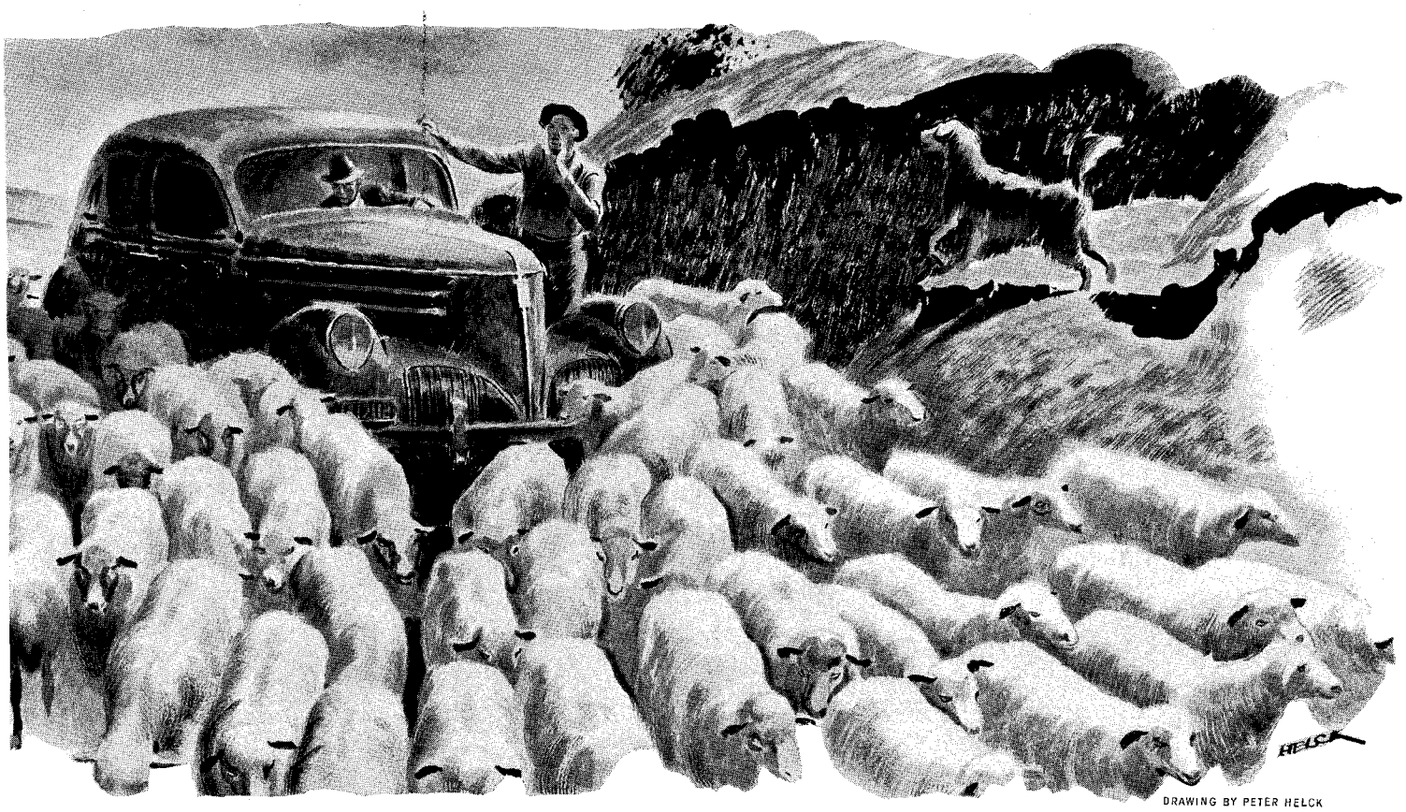
He didn't say a word, simply kept as far over on his side of the seat as he could get, with his hands plainly visible and motionless in his lap, until we came to the first street lights of Los Angeles; then he seized his paper parcel and, asking me to stop, scrambled out.

Safety, one way or the other, though, hasn't very much to do with it. I pick them up because I am sorry for them. Their appeal is elemental; they are footsore, tired, and hungry, and it's a little thing to let them sit in the car for a while.

But chiefly I pick them up because they are amusing and interesting. Strangers have none of the middle ground of talk; there is nothing between the weather and the stuff they live by.

You'll find everything, if you pick enough of them up, from rebellious boys ("*Any*thing to get outa *that* dump!") to quiet, bewildered men reduced to vagabondage by some swift change in the methods of production. They have spent their best years learning a trade and cannot believe that they are no longer wanted; somewhere in the world there *must* be use for a man who can blow glass or work in wrought iron. They plead their cases with a tired persistence while the tires whine the miles away.

In contrast are those who are wanderers because they like the life and who support themselves by various ingenious occupations. The most bizarre member of this group that I ever encountered was a tattooed sword-swallower. The tattooing, he told me, was to hold the interest of the crowd until enough people had collected to make it worth his while to swallow the sword. He allowed me to examine the short, dirty saber and the dirtier poker which he was accustomed to thrust into his vitals, and on my expressing the proper degree of astonishment, he even offered to teach me the art. Since it required, however, years of practice with polished ivory rods on an empty stomach, I declined with thanks. You got used to it in time, he urged; *he* could do it on a full meal. But I



DRAWING BY PETER HELCK

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still declined. Later I had the queasy satisfaction of watching him perform. He recognized me in the audience, honored me with a gesture of salutation, and insisted that I was not to contribute.

More pleasant to remember is a little boy I picked up one summer evening in Utah, between Nephi and Moroni, where the road turns east and south to pass between the Nebo and the San Pitch ranges. I had been crawling all afternoon at about five miles an hour through great herds of sheep that were moving north towards Provo. The air had been acrid and choking with dust, and the bleatings and patter of hoofs—at first pleasant—had become highly irritating after three or four hours. One of the herders told me that I would find a clear road twenty miles to the east, and so at Nephi I cut over to it.

And it was on the connecting road, on the brow of a rise between the mountain ranges, that I came on this boy, a child of about ten, trudging along with a lamb in his arms. He did not ask for a ride, but he seemed so tiny, so alone in the vastness of the hills and the twilight, that I stopped and asked him if he would like to get in. He said yes, thank you, he would like it very much because it would get him home in time for supper; he had ten miles to go and was hungry. Seated in the car with the lamb in his lap, half hidden under his jacket, he explained that it was a *lostling,* one whose mother had died. Ordinarily, he said, the shepherds feed them from bottles or find a sheep whose lamb has died and tie the dead lamb's skin around the orphan—for the ewes, though they will not feed a strange lamb, seem to know their own solely by smell. But during the annual migrations there is no time for such attentions and the lostlings, too weak from lack of food to keep up with the herd, are left to die.

The sheepherders will gladly give them to anyone who wants them. And so he had taken to walking along behind the herds, waiting for a chance stray. It was hard work for a child. The day that I picked him up he had followed the herds fifteen miles and had carried the lamb five on the way home. He had started, he told me, early in the morning, carrying a lunch, and if I had not given him a ride he would not have reached home before midnight. The possibility did not alarm him; he had often walked that far before. His father, a farmer, staked him to skim milk to feed his lambs. The year before, he had acquired a flock of thirty-four and this year already had eighteen. At the mention of such numbers I became more respectful; I had picked up a man of substance.

I don't generally pick up boys in their teens, but I make an exception of CCC boys. I like their energy and cheerfulness and their enthusiasm for the camps. I have picked them up by the dozens, in all parts of the country, and have yet to find one who was disgruntled or bitter. They are proud of being members of their camps. Many of them are beginning to be conscious of society, its benefits and responsibilities, and are thrilled at the discovery.

One CCC boy whom I picked up in western Pennsylvania only a few months ago asked me if I would stay and have supper with him at the camp. I was astonished to learn that he was allowed to have a guest, and he was astonished that I was astonished. And a little hurt. Why shouldn't he have a guest? What did I think it was, a prison? Ashamed, I made some floundering apology and stayed for a very good supper.

College boys, on the other hand, are rarely interesting. A college sticker on a suitcase is as good as a green light to me. They've all had too much psychology and spoil the natural charm of their ignorance by trying to be charming. They are little Dale Carnegies and proceed to put you at your ease.

They are too anxious to find out *your* interests. Whereas it is the man with overmastering interests of his own who makes the way seem short. Give me a crank or a crackpot every time, a fellow who can't wait to get into the car before he starts to expound or argue. Communism or some crazy diet, it's all one with me so long as he is excited about it.

One of my most vivid recollections is of a man whom I did *not* pick up. His name was Brother John, and I saw him in Prescott, Arizona, one morning several years ago. A rodeo was scheduled for the afternoon, and the streets were gay with ten-gallon hats, fleecy chaps, bright shirts, brisk little cow ponies, and all the other paraphernalia of the professional West. A microphone had been set up on the steps of the courthouse, and through rumbling amplifiers ballads and ballyhoo came in intermittent thunder. Now and then the man at the mike would ask some local celebrity to say a word or two. Several politicians had assured the crowd of their undying devotion to its interests when a more interesting possibility presented itself in the form of Brother John. He was a prophet, he said, and his ruddy face, magnificent white beard, and flowing locks bore him out. He was barefooted and dressed in a sort of toga of white samite or percale, or whatever it was that prophets were wearing that season. In his hand he held a staff to which a banner was attached, and around his neck was hung on a red cord what seemed to be the nozzle of a fire hose.

The announcer asked him if he would care to address the people, and he said that he would. Thrusting himself through the crowd, he mounted the courthouse steps with solemn dignity and, applying the small end of his fire nozzle to his lips, blew into the microphone a blast which, when amplified, almost tore away the cornice. And then, in a voice scarcely less terrible, cried out the single word: "Repent!"

That were a man to pick up! I never round a curve without looking eagerly down the road to see if he is not striding before me. And someday I will overtake him and offer him a ride. And then—with his bare feet on the dashboard and his trumpet clearing all before us—what brave things I shall learn! He will tell me of God's wrath, of Judgment Day and all the hardships of a prophet's life. He will speak of Beulah and of Signs to Come, lay bare the mystery of Mormon underwear, and justify the Amish Brethren because they use no buttons!

What a poor thing is safety compared with this!

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The Resurrection of Mr. Volstead

WILL IRWIN

AN ANALYSIS of repeal . . . the facts and trends compared with 1910-20 . . . the industry's plea for moderation . . . the drys' master plan to blot up the U. S. by 1950

SIX YEARS ago if an American citizen wanted a drink he could do one of two things. He could go to Canada, to Bermuda, or to Havana and drink in peace. Or he could aid and abet the criminal element of his country. Always during the thirteen years of national prohibition he could get his drink. But always he was faced with the choice of getting it either in a foreign country or from a man whom the law regarded as a criminal. That was the fundamental situation under prohibition, and the mere restatement of it today suggests that repeal is a paradise. It is—to average Americans who so far as drinking is concerned want nothing more than the chance to buy and drink good liquor as openly as they would orange juice or Coca-Cola. But to two large and special groups in the United States, repeal, as they review it on its fifth anniversary, is not so simple. These two groups are, on the one hand, the liquor manufacturers and, on the other, the drys. As repeal goes into its sixth year they each face the fact that conditions are not perfect.

To both the manufacturers and the drys this is the most important fact of life. To ethical and farseeing manufacturers the faults of repeal threaten their business and, in the long run, their very existence. To the drys, defects, shortcomings, and abuses are equally important; without them, organizations such as the Anti-Saloon League and the WCTU would have to close down and abandon their renewed hope of national prohibition.

But while the same set of facts confront the manufacturers and the drys, the two groups are handling them in entirely different ways. The best of the manufacturers are trying to remove the faults, the drys to exploit them. Each group may be said to be acting from self-interest—using that term in its widest sense. It merely happens that in this situation the interests of the groups stand diametrically opposed. Exploiting and exaggerating the defects of repeal fit into the dry plan for gradually restoring national prohibition.

ACME

Charles E. Sandall, selected by brewers to fight for civilized drinking

Removing the defects fits just as obviously into the plans of the manufacturers for a long and prosperous life. This last is especially important, since the liquor business is tending to combine into large units. Today, four companies account for more than fifty per cent of the American output in distilled liquors. Their brands are national in a sense that applied to few brands before prohibition. Their advertising is national, their stock is on the Big Board. Brewing is less concentrated, but in this trade, also, the tendency toward combination is working. In the nature of things, the modern manufacturer has to maintain a national point of view on the liquor question and to keep his eyes and ears open to the sentiment of the country. In this, he differs from his predecessor of a quarter of a century ago. One reason for national prohibition was the blindness and bullheadedness of the liquor interests—their total failure to perceive what was going on in the public mind and their refusal to correct abuses.

Let us review the abuses of the new "wet" laws and see what the ethical and farseeing element among the liquor interests are doing about them on the one hand and the intransigent drys on the other.

II

I HAVE been investigating this new liquor question, from a long background of experience, not only in Washington, New York, and Chicago, where so many national activities have their centers, but in other large cities and in seven typical Eastern and Middle Western states. I have talked to liquor administrators and policemen, Federal officials and bartenders, judges and legislators, brewers and distillers, social workers and journalists, directors of societies for the defense of the liquor trades and ardent, active, hopeful prohibi-

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tionists. The more frank among them tell you confidentially that the liquor question, which we could not solve on the Puritanic theory, has likewise reached a very imperfect solution on the liberal theory; and the rest seem by their uneasiness to prove that the same idea is in the background of their minds. One would expect leaders of the Anti-Saloon League to call repeal a failure—and they do. But listen to some detailed testimony from laymen and from men in the liquor industry. And, listening, note that these realists recognize that conditions today are properly compared with those during the *pre*-prohibition decade. Repeal has obviously been an improvement over the experiment of 1920–33, but repeal to be realistically examined must be stacked up beside 1910–20—the decade that produced prohibition.

"Drinking is a little more civilized than in the old days of the open saloon—before prohibition," says a veteran executive of a national liquor business. "There are fewer squalid and degraded joints. The change in our customs which permits women in inns and taverns, where the old-fashioned saloon used to exclude them, accounts for that, I suppose. Otherwise, conditions are worse than in 1914, say. If this business doesn't clean up, we're headed for a disagreeable surprise."

Another man high in the business, agreeing with all this, adds: "Too many of our people, especially among the wholesalers and retailers, think that any restrictive law was made to be broken. And when you try to frighten them by shaking prohibition in their faces, some of them answer, 'What the hell do we care? We used to make more money that way!' "

Says a veteran judge, who was an attorney for a national liquor interest before prohibition, "Worse than in 1914. The evils run deeper and they are better organized."

Says an upright and nationally experienced politician, "The new liquor traffic is already tied up tight to the machine politics. Taking our state legislatures as a whole, the liquor lobby is the second strongest of all."

Moreover, the more reputable journals of the liquor trades are warning the business as a whole to clean house, lest the public rise up again and, as in 1920, throw out the piano with the garbage can. And finally, the neutral public is registering its own opinion by effective action. Rather loosely assembled statistics seem to show that in the four years between repeal of prohibition and the elections of 1938, about 7000 political units, mostly townships, villages, or small cities, voted on the question of prohibition within their own borders; of these, 5500 went as dry as their state laws permitted. Most of these communities were already dry in 1920, but that is not a complete answer. When the Eighteenth Amendment was ratified, more than three-quarters of the country had already gone dry. Nearly half of Ohio—geographically speaking—had by 1939 returned to the prohibition column. And the dry political units are increasing in size. They include, now, suburbs of large cities such as Boston and Chicago. Some of these communities have gone bone-dry, all have abolished over-the-counter sale of hard liquor by the drink. The movement proceeds with exactly the same rhythm as the prohibition wave of the early 1900's—from townships and villages on toward cities and states.

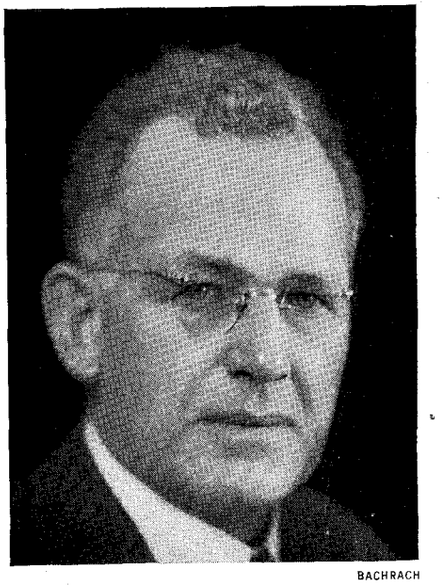
Again, during the fiscal year 1937–38, the total sales of hard liquor and beer fell away, while those of wine somewhat increased. A business recession may account for some of this; the shrinkage of wet territory and a faint but distinctly perceptible disgust on the part of the public may tell the rest of the story.

III

WHAT are the causes of this situation? First, in the states with the most liberal laws, display, ballyhoo, and almost unlimited competition give even the superficial observer a sense that this business is being overdone. I knew Chicago and her pleasure district in the old days—a forest of soiled, degraded "joints," from which hobos and outcasts emerged to roll in the gutter, fringed the red-light district. Those have not reappeared, but today there are nine thousand licensed establishments in greater Chicago selling hard liquor over the bar by the drink—a greater number than in the old days. Family liquor stores, drugstores, department stores flaunt package goods in their windows until a stranger might be pardoned for thinking that alcohol is the staple of retail trade in Chicago. On Saturday nights, and in spite of many private parking lots, one cannot find a place for his car within four blocks of East Sixty-third Street between Cottage

ACME

Wesley A. Sturges is managing director of the Distilled Spirits Institute



BACHRACH

D. Frederick Burnett is New Jersey's highly efficient liquor administrator

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Grove Avenue and Coney Island, so dense are the crowds drifting from tavern to beer hall to cheap night club. In Washington: a similar situation, with Occoquan Jail, which cares for the District's Saturday-night drunks, almost swamped with temporary tenants. And, as one more example, take a small, old city in Pennsylvania, which state sets practically no limit to the number of licenses. Before prohibition there were four saloons within four blocks of its City Hall. Now there are twenty in the same area, not counting the bootleg joints.

ACME

Dr. Ella A. Boole, the international president of the crusading WCTU

ACME

Bishop Ralph Cushman, newly elected president of the Anti-Saloon League

During the dry agitation of the 1910's which searched out every abuse of the liquor traffic, we heard very little of sale to minors. But times have changed. During the prohibition period, an appalling younger generation took to the hip flask; and the automobile-mad adolescents of today begin experiment with life very early. In a rural district of Pennsylvania, the high-school boys and girls customarily celebrate football victories and defeats at two or three shady roadhouses. That is not sporadic. It seems, on the contrary, almost typical. In a certain large city at which I will not point direct, the police department, having received an organized complaint about sales to minors, issued special orders against the practice, made a few arrests, and announced that the situation was well in hand. On a Saturday night a month later, I drifted through a score of taverns, cafés, and beer halls on the fringe of its residential district. And if hundreds of young men and women sitting with beer or highballs in front of them were twenty-one or even nineteen years old, then I am ninety-six. Any reader who lives in a wet state and who wishes to pile up evidence on this point can get plenty of it from frank adolescents of his acquaintance.

Temperance education has bogged down just as badly. The fact is that the liquor industry contains the only important group preaching moderation today. To the WCTU, temperance means abstinence, and moderation is something to war against, not for. While the advertisements of some liquor companies advocate moderation, the pamphlets of the WCTU all hang on the thesis that total abstinence is the only sound and virtuous way of life. This attitude hamstrings sensible educational measures. The WCTU pamphlets for school use are labeled "scientific," but they include only such results as favor the bone-dry side of the controversy. School authorities with the scholarly point of view—often themselves teetotalers on principle—hesitate to adopt such literature as part of a curriculum, while officials of states which depend upon liquor taxes for revenue cannot be expected to endorse it. On the other hand, when Mrs. John S. Sheppard of the New York Alcoholic Control Commission issued an educational pamphlet which warned against excesses and taught moderation, the WCTU fought furiously and, for the most part, successfully to keep it out of the schools.

The feminine invasion has also brought its problems. Alcohol and sex have an affinity. The trade of dining-room hostess existed even in prohibition times and in establishments which never dreamed of breaking the law. It is a respectable and dignified job for attractive young women. But in the wet states, establishments of the worse sort are reproducing conditions in the dance halls of the old mining camps where the beerjerker sold herself and her wares indifferently.

But the new phenomenon which at this moment seems most irritating to respectable citizens—and most useful to the prohibitionists—is the disreputable roadhouse. Some, as I can testify personally, obey the law and cultivate a civilized atmosphere. The worst set up shop in small towns where the authorities can be rendered complaisant or in the open country where the proprietor must reckon only with a constable and one or two deputy sheriffs. Having arranged all that, the proprietor may go to any extreme. In the archives of New Jersey lie sworn testimony concerning a "show" at one roadhouse. I cannot reprint here its mildest details—it was a revel of degeneracy. The state inspectors went to see it and laid their evidence before the local board. This tribunal inflicted a terrible penalty—six and a half days' suspension of license! An obscene tang flavors the complaints against these bad roadhouses. And they commit all the other violations—selling after legal closing hours, furnishing facilities for sexual irregularities, alliance with organized gambling, systematic sale to minors, dispensing bootleg.

For the bootlegger is still with us. Taxes of more than 1000 per cent on raw alcohol alone put this occupation in the same class as blockade-running. No one knows, of course, the extent of the busi- (*continued on page* 38)

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THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

63D YEAR—132. MONDAY, JUNE 5, 1939—THIRTY-SIX PAGES. * * THREE CENTS

RED STREAK

KING, PRESIDENT PLEAD FOR UNITED DEMOCRACY

DEEPER IN CELLAR

PHILA—	A	B	R	H	P	O	A	E	W. SOX—	A	B	R	H	P	O	A	E
Finney, cf.	2	0	1	0	0	0	0		Steinbach'r, lf	4	0	1	0	2	0	0	
Rothrock, cf.	2	1	1	1	0	0			Rosenthal, cf.	4	0	2	2	0	0	1	
Werber, 3b.	3	0	0	0	1	1			Walker, rf.	4	0	1	3	0	0		
Moses, rf.	1	0	0	1	0	0			Bonura, 1b.	4	0	1	9	1	0		
Johnson, lf.	1	0	1	2	2	0			Appling, ss.	3	0	0	0	4	3		
Dean, 1b.	4	0	0	10	0	0			Hayes, 2b.	4	0	0	3	2	0		
Hunter, c.	3	0	0	3	0	0			Berger, 2b.	3	0	0	1	0	0		
Newsome, ss.	4	0	1	2	5	0			Sewell, c.	4	0	1	3	1	0		
Cissell, 2b.	4	1	1	4	4	0			Rigney, p.	2	1	0	0	1	0		
Thomas, p.	2	0	0	0	1	0			Brown, p.	0	0	0	0	1	0		
Peters	1	0	1	0	0	0			Haas	1	0	0	0	0	0		
Williams, p.	1	0	0	0	1	0			Kreevich	1	0	0	0	0	0		
Totals	32	2	7	27	13	1			Totals	34	1	6	27	11	1		

Rothrock batted for Finney in 6th. Peters batted for Thomas in 6th. Brown replaced Rigney in 8th. Haas batted for Berger in 9th. Kreevich batted for Brown in 9th.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9—	R.	H.	E.
PHILADELPHIA	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0—	2	7	0
WHITE SOX	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—	1	6	1

Runs batted in—Rothrock, Johnson, Rosenthal. Two-base hits—Finney, Cissell, Rothrock, Peters, Bonura. Stolen bases—Johnson, Newsome. Sacrifices—Werber (2), Thomas. Double plays—Appling, Sewell; Left on bases—Philadelphia, 6; Chicago, 8. Bases on balls—Off Thomas, 2; Rigney, 3; Steinbach—By Thomas, 3; Rigney, 1; Brown, 1. Hits—Off Thomas, 6 in 7 innings; Williams, 0 in 2; Rigney, 5 in 7; (none out in 8th); Brown, 2 in 2. Winning pitcher—Thomas. Losing pitcher—Rigney. Umpires—Hubbard, Dinneen and Owens. Time—2:00.

BOBTAILED BATTLE

CUBS—	A	B	R	H	P	O	A	E	PHILA—	A	B	R	H	P	O	A	E
Galan, rf.	2	1	2	1	0	0			Brown, 1b.	2	0	0	1	0	0		
Frey, 2b.	1	0	1	0	2	0			Marion, ss.	2	0	0	0	2	0		
Collins, 1b.	3	0	1	4	1	0			Moore, rf.	2	0	0	0	0	0		
Demaree, cf.	3	0	0	4	0	0			Arnovich, lf.	2	0	1	2	0	0		
O'Dea, c.	3	0	0	2	0	0			Wilson, c.	2	0	0	4	0	0		
Kerr, 3b.	3	0	1	1	2	0			Whitney, 2b.	2	0	0	1	0	0		
Hardy, ss.	3	0	1	1	0	0			Schaefer, ss.	1	0	0	2	2	0		
Jurges, ss.	0	0	0	0	1	0			Young, 3b.	3	0	0	1	1	0		
Lee, p.	2	0	0	1	0	0			Passeau, p.	1	0	0	0	1	0		

KING AND PRESIDENT DRIVING TO CONFERENCE

Geo. VI, F.D.R. End White House Parley In Call for Unity

Washington, D. C., June 4.—(AP)—In a joint statement unique in international history, President Roosevelt and King George VI, his royal guest from England, spoke as one tonight in a plea for a united world Democracy, "militant and ready to preserve liberty and freedom of thought where people want them."

The communique was issued after the two heads of state had a final half-hour conference over its text as the President's study at the White House. Secretary of State Cordell Hull and the British Ambassador, Sir Ronald Lindsay, also participated in the discussions.

Students of international affairs saw in this plea for militant democracy the culmination of a British campaign for an American understanding which was begun last winter when Anthony Eden, former Foreign Secretary, addressed the National Association of Manufacturers at their New York convention with a less direct, but nevertheless effective appeal for a united front of democratic countries against encroachment of the dictator states.

The statement by the two rulers emphasized the desire of democracies to respect the wishes of any people with regard to their own governments.

"But where any governmental policy becomes an international affair and seeks to influence others by either propaganda or force, we feel a mutual defense of personal liberties is called for."

Selling George VI to the U.S.

JOSEF ISRAELS II

BASIC PLAN *for the royal visit . . . confidential memorandum with sample headlines . . . prepared for the British Foreign Office by John H. Doe Publicity, Inc.*

SELLING a King and Queen of England to the United States is essentially a public-relations job, just as much as it would be to sell a product made in Great Britain, and for the purposes of this memorandum we can consider that the product to be sold to the United States is "good will."

In selecting the technique of centering sales effort on a personality, you have followed a course which has now become axiomatic in the public-relations field. But if a public-relations counsel had the power to choose from scratch which British personalities he would drop into the American scene for the greatest British profit, they would not have been King George and Queen Elizabeth. The important fact about public opinion in the United States—and one upon which all publicity effort must, to a considerable extent, be built and organized—is that a large part of this country still believes that Edward, Duke of Windsor, is the rightful owner of the British throne, and that King George VI is a colorless, weak personality largely on probation in the public mind of Great Britain, as well as of the United States.

It is obvious to America that the step of sending King George VI and Queen Elizabeth to America was not taken without long consideration of the profits to be derived from such a move. Even though the American part of the trip is supposed to be a side excursion from the royal visit to Canada, it does not detract from the fact that in the eyes of the world, and of America in particular, the few days the King and Queen will spend on American soil and in contact with Americans will be the most potentially important part of the entire trip so far as the future of British Empire good will in this hemisphere is concerned.

Dropping such characters as the King and Queen into the North American scene can, nevertheless, if properly prepared and exploited, influence this whole continent (and South America in a lesser degree) with widening circles of British friendship. But in this respect the friendship of the people of the United States

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is the key to the whole picture. Cohesive mentally and prodigiously mercurial in their likes and dislikes, they are an immense force. The slightest slip-up can easily be magnified by an uncontrolled and often irreverent press into a major diplomatic catastrophe. If the royal visit is to appear in later years on the profit side of the ledger, the utmost public-relations skill must be employed. That means the immediate enlistment of the United States into the forces of militant democracy and also that in future years the American people shall think of the British Empire in terms of the personalities of George and Elizabeth and shall feel at times when danger might threaten the British Empire that George and Elizabeth are nice friendly people, are like Americans and worthy of our sympathy, our financial support and, if necessary, our arms.

Broad Strategy

The broad strategy for planning and operating the royal visit to the United States must be premised on the American conception of royalty and must strike an accurate and careful balance between dignified regal reserve on the one hand and democratic friendliness on the other.

The British cause starts in the United States with an important advantage over all other countries. The kinship of language and the impression continually heightened by news and propaganda from England that Great Britain now has a practical monopoly on what remains of democracy in Europe make the American people as a mass feel that England is probably the only country America would spontaneously help in time of trouble.

In recent months the "perfidious Albion" propaganda which followed the "Chamberlain sellout at Munich" has begun to undermine this impression. Properly exploited, the royal visit can destroy that undertow of criticism and restore American confidence. Many Americans now believe that the English people have little confidence in their King or government. Hence, the groundwork for wiping out this impression must be laid before the royal couple depart for America. Exactly how this is to be accomplished is a problem for your London publicity men. Perhaps the King and Queen might make a few references to their coming trip at public appearances in February, March, and April. Perhaps the King should deliver one speech for the radio and newsreels in which he speaks of his keen anticipation of the impending voyage. On top of all this your London men should cook up some activities which will create the impression that current thought in England is dominated by the King's visit to the United States. If this is handled correctly the American newspaper correspondents will feed it to the American press. The technique here recommended has been employed successfully by every press agent since Barnum, and it is still valid.

In building your pre-arrival strategy you must remember that the United States was much disturbed by the abdication of Edward VIII and the circumstances which surrounded that event. Edward was much liked in this country and his marriage to an American woman, as well as the generally romantic aura which enveloped his abdication, added greatly to his popularity. We do not, of course, know what plans have already been made, but we specifically suggest that, prior to the departure of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth for the United States, there be some public evidence given of a reconciliation with Edward and the Duchess of Windsor. This should preferably take the form of their being entertained at Buckingham and particularly with the former Wallis Simpson being

DAILY NEWS
NEW YORK'S PICTURE NEWSPAPER
FINAL
GEORGE CALLS WALLY H.R.H.
'Wally' Now 'Her Royal Highness'
Royalty Entrains
Sunday Times
CHICAGO'S PICTURE NEWSPAPER
5c
CHICAGO PAIR TEA WITH KING
(Story on Page 3)
Royal Guests

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named "Her Royal Highness." As we complete this memorandum, it is apparent from the newspapers that the first trial balloons are being sent aloft in London and Paris on this matter.

Post-Arrival Strategy

From the time of their arrival in Canada, George and Elizabeth will be under the closest personal scrutiny by press and public. They will scarcely have a moment to themselves, and hardly an action on their part will not be attentively reported and carefully criticized. Remembering that American press representatives will be assigned to cover the King and Queen from the time of arrival in Canada, care should be exercised not to let events in the Dominion spoil the show in New York and in Washington. We understand a study of Canadian strategy has been made, and it is not, therefore, discussed here.

The utmost care must be taken not to let the personalities under exploitation submerge the causes which they come to represent. No appearance must be given of specifically seeking any particular favor. First-class royalties are supposed to be above that. Queen Marie was marked as a self-seeker from the first because it was widely stated, and never denied, that she came here to negotiate a loan for her country.

Edward as Prince of Wales sold nothing to the United States on his 1924 visit except the personality of Edward. He was young, handsome, irresponsible, and romantically appealing. He spent most of his time in night clubs and in what we now call "café society." His doings and personality submerged any serious message he might have had for this country. But he was Prince of Wales at the time—not King—and no one felt that his light approach was misplaced.

We repeat: George VI and Elizabeth are actually on probation in the American mind, particularly the King because he has appeared to Americans as a weaker figure than either his much-loved father or mother, or his older brother. The slightest sign of what this country interprets as weakness will be unpleasantly seized upon, blown out of proportion until the whole effect of the visit might be reversed into an unfortunate occurrence. By this, it is not meant that the American press and public are waiting to trip or destroy the King and Queen. That is not the case. But this country has an underdog sentiment, and it must not be forgotten that to America Edward was the underdog in the abdication crisis. Also, tucked away in back of the gossipy mind are stories about George's alleged epileptic seizures, his speech impediment, and an impression that he is of poorer royal timber than has occupied England's throne in many decades. Regardless of what you think of this situation, it must be faced realistically.

As for Queen Elizabeth, our surveys show that American women look on her with a super-critical eye. According to Park Avenue standards, she appears to be too plump of figure, too dowdy in dress, to meet the American mental qualifications of a reigning queen. The living contrasts of Queen Mary (as regal as a woman can be) and the Duchess of Windsor (chic and charmingly American) certainly do not help Elizabeth in this respect. The sum of all this is that selling your particular product is no sinecure.

General Tactics

In creating the democratic picture, care must be taken not to go too far. Actions should not be undertaken which would seem on their face to be unnatural or strained on the part of the King or Queen. All care should be taken not to place them too close to the plane of the common people.

During the 1928 presidential campaign, Al Smith coined a phrase that is still valid in the minds of American press and public. When he was asked to pose holding a trowel and laying some bricks on the State Office Building then under construction in Albany, Governor Smith refused. "That's a boloney picture," he said. "Everybody knows that I don't lay the bricks on the State Office Building, and nobody's going to believe it just because they saw me with a trowel in my hand."

Those who are to guide the King and Queen in their press statements and pictures should bear these words in mind. Permit no pictures to be taken, no statements to be made which do not fit in with the American idea of what a King and Queen should be and should do. This may not be the British idea of their personalities and activities, but remember that Hollywood, lurid literature, and the press have built up in the American mind a conception of royalty considerably different from that of the English people. For instance, when George VI goes to the World's Fair, avoid such photographic clichés as permitting him to be photographed eating a hot dog. Avoid too obvious stagings of meetings with the rank and file. A certain few contacts of this kind are inevitable and much to be desired, but the American people will think more of a distant, hard-to-get-at monarch, than they would of a man obviously trying to curry favor by shaking the hands of too many ordinary people.

Section One

The Dallas Morning News

Early Edition

FIFTY-FOURTH YEAR NO. 245 DALLAS, TEXAS, SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1939—TWENTY PAGES IN TWO SECTIONS TELEPHONES

Thinking Out Loud

BY LYNN LANDRUM

Internal Waterways

Traffic

System Slowly Evolves

King and Queen Welcomed at White House by F. D. R.; Bestow High Honor on America's Unknown Soldier

King and Queen Shown as They Honored Memory of Fallen Ally

Roosevelt Greets Visiting Royalty On Behalf of U. S.

King George Places Wreath On Unknown Soldier's Tomb In Ceremony at Arlington

ALL THE NEWS ALL THE TIME

Los An

VOL. LVIII

Queen Buys Wardrobe

Praises New Styles; Buys Presents for Royal Princesses

IN RETREAT

City Workers Face Ax for Buying Jobs

Civil Service Board Plans House Cleaning Affecting Nearly 400

Riots Flare In French Labor Crisis

Police and Military Quell Disturbances; Deputies Triumphs

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Stories appeared here in 1937 of pleasant and human contacts by the King and Queen with delegates to the American Legion meeting that year in Paris. One man in particular was spotlighted in the American Press at that time as having had a pleasant meeting with the King. Later another American, a commercial representative, met and talked with the King at a trade fair in England. Look up such people as these, invite them and their families to have tea with the King and Queen, but let such procedure stop just about there. Otherwise, the King and Queen should be distantly pleasant, benignly smiling, and publicly appreciative of the hospitality and enthusiasm of the United States.

The Publicity Machine

At this point we wish to advise on the type of organization and technique which will be necessary to control satisfactorily the physical aspects of relations with the royal party by the American press, radio, newsreel, and other representatives of the organized forces of publicity. In recent years the organization and mechanical equipment of the press for covering such events as this visit of the King and Queen have increased to a point where the bother and actual time consumed in uncontrolled contacts may become not only onerous to the persons affected, but disastrous in their results.

In the first place, it must be recognized that the press in this country cannot and will not be held at arm's length and willing to view royalty from a distance, as in England. Official bulletins alone will not satisfy either the American people or its representatives on the newspapers. American newspapermen are accustomed to frequent and informal, even confidential, association with the great of government and society from the President down.

The press will expect—even demand—an almost similar relationship with the royal visitors. To hold them entirely aloof, with absolutely no personal interviews or photographic sessions, will be a grave error, not in the sense that the press will turn actively hostile in such a case, but the stories will be formalized and stereotyped in their friendliness. Hence, the easy human character which will make the average American feel that George and Elizabeth are flesh and blood will never appear.

It is therefore suggested that a press liaison be established well in advance of the actual arrival in Canada of the King and Queen. In charge of this should be a person widely experienced as a public-relations officer for high public officials. He should probably be an American and an ex-reporter, although it is possible that some Englishman with these qualifications may be available. We do not recommend a "master mind" type for this job. A representative of the type of Steve Early, Charles Michelson, or Charles S. Hand, accustomed to everyday contacts with working reporters, will be best.

A day or two prior to the arrival of the King and Queen, preferably at the point of their entry into Canada, a meeting of all accredited representatives should be called. The liaison should explain the problems which are to be met in reporting the royal visit and the difference between English and American procedure in the matter, and should ask for the sympathy and co-operation of the newspaper representatives in making the job a dignified and easy one which will not embarrass the royal party or be difficult for the newspapers. A program should be established for a series of press conferences to be held by the King and Queen. If possible these should be daily—arranged so as to give the afternoon and morning papers an even break.

Close Contacts

Efforts to separate the press from the royal party will only cause the King and Queen to be harassed by ambitious and resourceful newspapermen forced by their editors to keep close to the party and disdaining no means which may make this possible. The liaison should agree to issue daily in the morning, or the night before if possible, a mimeographed sheet detailing every move of the King and Queen for the next twenty-four hours.

As at the White House, it should be understood that the King and Queen are not to be directly quoted, except on special authorization. It must be remembered that anything the King or Queen, or their representatives, may say can be kept out of the newspapers unfailingly and with perfect confidence by stating to the assembled press that the material is "off the record." The American press, if treated in a friendly manner, is thoroughly reliable in this respect, and any confidence, error, or ill-advised statement may be kept from the public more effectively in this manner than by setting up barriers between interviewer and interviewee.

Do not permit the King to give exclusive interviews or photographs to anyone. That antagonizes the others, who feel that all are entitled to equal rights. The Queen must expect to be interviewed separately by newspaperwomen, and here an experienced

Times

IN TWO PARTS — 46 PAGES

TIMES OFFICES

DAILY, FIVE CENTS

George VI Tours World's Fair, Praise to Hollywood Show

Royal Couple Screen-tested, Buy Souvenirs

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

NIGHT SPORT SPECIAL

The Only Evening Newspaper in St. Louis With the Associated Press News Service

PRICE 3 CENTS

STAGNATION IF WE GO ON AS WE ARE, ECONOMIST SAYS

FAIR TODAY AND TOMORROW; ABOUT SAME TEMPERATURE

GEORGE SAILS FOR ENGLAND; F.D.R. VISITS ROYAL CABIN, HINTS LONDON TRIP IN 1940

King George and President Roosevelt Acknowledging Farewell Salutes

KING SAYS HE'LL COME TO MIDWEST 'NEXT TIME'

MRS. ROOSEVELT PRESENT AT SAILING

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woman press adviser may be useful.

The King and Queen will, of course, be photographed interminably every time they appear in public. Any attempt to ask the photo services to submit everything taken before publication will be met with refusal as an unfriendly act. Furthermore, the physical job of looking at all the pictures and movies which may be taken would take more than twenty-four hours a day for anyone placed in charge of such a job. When it is necessary for the King and Queen to submit to formal photographing along with whatever distinguished personages among their hosts may be available at the time, rules may be set up so that these occasions will not be too difficult or take too long. This sort of pre-arrangement will be a valid preventive of too many dangerously informal pictures.

Radio appearances will naturally not present so many difficulties; they will be planned well in advance, and speeches will be written out for reading. The content of these speeches is, of course, an important matter, but at this distance we cannot yet be specific in advice on text. This country has heard King George VI only once or twice on the radio. While he is not a magnetic speaker, it was a source of much discussion that he was able to speak at all in view of the wide gossip about his speech defect. Apparently he has conquered this difficulty, and it should be possible for him to make short, pleasant, and urbane addresses which should go far toward making the visit a success. Again, it is axiomatic that all radio companies have an equal opportunity on any royal broadcast. Favoring one above the other may only lead to difficulties.

White House Tactics

In Washington the King and Queen will enjoy America's best setting for news pictures and stories—the White House. In order to relieve the great pressure which will be placed upon them for news of what is happening in the White House, and to avoid irresponsible speculations, it will be wise to hold a press conference and a photographing session very soon after the arrival of the royal party. The President and Mrs. Roosevelt should be present at these, and the whole proceeding should be conducted as a joint interview. Roosevelt's experience with the press will be vastly helpful in this respect.

From the White House the most important stories of the whole visit to this country can be best projected. For instance, it must be borne in mind that many ignorant Americans, particularly among those of Irish extraction, still believe the English people, and British royalty especially, to be evil-intentioned with ambitions to conquer the whole world. Thus a graceful method should be found of remembering that the British burned the White House during the War of 1812. The King and Queen might bring some sort of house gift for presentation to the President and make reference to the incident of the War of 1812.

2¢ DAILY MIRROR 2¢

KING, QUEEN CALL UP PRINCESSES

On the Transatlantic Phone

The menus at the White House are naturally going to be widely publicized. Undoubtedly they will feature typical American dishes, and the King may convey to the press through an aide his pleasure at being introduced to such American foods as baked beans, scrapple, or scrambled eggs and bacon.

The Queen must, for the most part, play the rôle of a wife and mother, neither well-informed nor uninterested in international matters. She must not express herself on any international subject, although she may state an interest in such social problems as housing, child welfare, education, or hospitals. She will be asked much about the young Princesses and particularly why they were not brought along. The best answer to this would be that the King and Queen wish to let the little girls grow up without too much consciousness of their position in life, and that they feel that exposure to great crowds and much adulation would not be good for little Elizabeth and Margaret Rose. From the White House, the Queen should telephone to London and speak to the children, and the press should be allowed to report the conversation. She should let the White House know that the royal custom of not accepting gifts will be waived for the acceptance of some small presents from Mrs. Roosevelt to the Princesses. The Roosevelt grandchildren should be given an opportunity to meet the Queen, and they can be depended upon to give the press their impressions of royalty.

At some point during the visit, it should be reported that the King and President Roosevelt have had an entirely private conversation in which international matters of the greatest importance may be supposed to have been discussed. There need never be any actual report of what happened at this conversation, but it makes a good focal point for future memories of the visit. Such a spot as the Lincoln Study of the White House, or even the back seat of the President's car while on a sight-seeing trip to Mount Vernon, might take the place in the press and public mind of the famous log cabin at the Rapidan Camp where Herbert Hoover and Ramsay MacDonald conferred. Consider in this respect whether the international situation permits a statement somewhat similar to that of President Roosevelt's in Canada last summer, intimating, not too specifically, that British Empire sentiment reciprocates Roosevelt's willingness to defend Canada from possible invasion.

American officialdom will be under tremendous pressure for opportunities to meet the King and Queen. Every Senator and Congressman, as well as Cabinet members and influential politicians, will have his candidates for a chance to enter the White House and see them. This problem might best be disposed of by the holding of one large garden party on the White House grounds. As many as 10,000 people could be handled at such a party in the same manner as at Buckingham Palace—that is let them gather and have simple refreshments while the King and Queen walk and bow through the crowd once or twice, with an understanding that they cannot undertake personal greetings and handshakes. Invitations to this party could be controlled by the White House and handled mainly by members of Congress.

New York Tactics

If time permits a night in New York, we urge that the Royal Family spend it in a hotel rather than in a private home or mansion. The publicity advantages of a hotel are (we recommend the Wal-

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dorf-Astoria) so obvious that we will not labor the point. However, we wish to stress one fact about the New York stay: namely, that New York as a city is not so impressionable to important personages as are other localities in the United States. It is also proud of its cosmopolitan attractions for the visitor and, although as at present outlined, the King and Queen's time in New York will be very short, New Yorkers will like it best if, in addition to the visit to the World's Fair (largely classified in the New York mind as a show for hicks), some attention is paid to the attractions of the city itself. For instance, attendance at a gala performance in the Radio City Music Hall for the benefit of a British charity; an informal automobile trip around the city (avoid too elaborate police arrangements which will tie up traffic and annoy people); a call at City Hall or a view of the city from the top of the Empire State Building. Under the present plan, little, if any, more than these activities would be possible. The World's Fair and City Hall visits are an inescapable minimum; the others are desirable if time can be found. Upon his departure, the King should make a point of telling what he thinks of New York City and also of telling the press of his regret that he was unable to visit the Middle and Far West.

Other activities which may be expected to produce the kind of stories which will do the most good would be acceptance by both King George and Queen Elizabeth of honorary degrees from important American Universities (President Roosevelt accepted a Canadian degree last summer); attendance at a baseball game with the President and a story given to the press about how King and President swapped fishing stories and showed each other photographs of their notable catches. A worthwhile combination of events might be arranged during the Washington part of the trip by receiving degrees at William and Mary, America's second oldest university, and then visiting Jamestown, Virginia, site of the first English settlement in the New World. This would be a magnificent setting for pictures, almost as symbolic as the visit to the tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

The greatest care must be taken in arranging all activities to avoid permitting the royal party to be exploited by showmen or entrepreneurs of any kind. Such dangerous individuals may have strong connections, but, adhering to a policy of making public appearances only with important public officials, this pitfall may be sidestepped. As an example, in New York let the royal party be shown about by Governor Lehman, Mayor LaGuardia, or the Secretary of State, but avoid letting such entrepreneurs as Grover Whalen and Billy Rose intrude into the picture.

To sum up, in the King and Queen of England there is a focal point for a publicity campaign on behalf of Great Britain's product—British Empire good will—that would be envied by an industry, political party, or other cause which might have occasion to sell a bill of goods to the American people. By careful management, with plenty of attention to the established and proven technique of public relations in the United States, the profit can be gigantic. Failure is not predicted, no matter how these principles may be ignored, but the difference between apathetic acceptance of the product and its enthusiastic purchase by the American people will be the difference between success and failure of British-American relations during the crucial international period you expect to face during the next few years.

ROTOGRAVURE MAGAZINE
The Detroit Free Press
SUNDAY June 11
Around the Clock With British Royalty In the United States
A Royal Gift for the White House
Their Britannic Majesties King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, first reigning King and Queen of England to visit the United States. In four days of rapid-fire sight-seeing in Washington and New York, their activities touched on many phases of American life.

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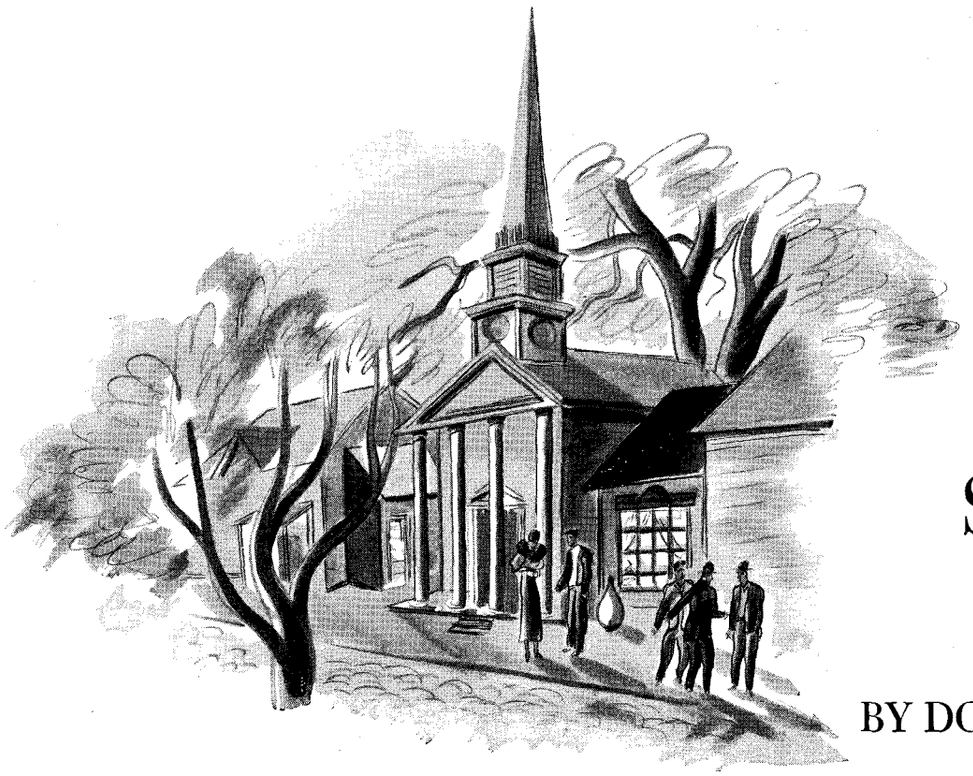

Seasoned Timber

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

Author of "Bonfire"

Just before he started up the worn stone steps, the Principal saw that Mr. Dewey was toiling up Academy Hill, and stopped to wait for him. And because the old man did not enjoy having people see how slowly his ancient legs now carried him, Mr. Hulme, while he waited, looked up at the front of the Academy, as if he were wondering whether the window frames needed paint. Not that he needed to look to know that they did. Everything needed paint. And putty.

Yet how sturdily the old building stood after its century of battering Vermont weather. Timothy Hulme, in the twenty-odd years he had been going in and out of that front door, had been rather painfully aware of the poverty of the old school, of its lack of equipment, of its provincial remoteness from urbane civilization. But in the last few years—"since the German elections of '33," as he sometimes put it to himself—he had more often thought of the strength and thickness of its walls. Looking up at the long stone building now, he thought, "It's exactly like one of the remote stone monasteries that survived the Dark Ages exactly because they *were* so far from the storm centers . . ." He heard the labored breathing of the old man and, turning, said, "How are you, Mr. Dewey?"

"Fine, T. C. How're you?"

"I was just thinking—" the Principal said as he fell in with the old man's slow step, "—thinking how safe the Academy looks nowadays when every newspaper is full of—"

"Clifford's quite a piece from Europe, if that's what you mean."

"Yes, that's about what I mean."

"We got plenty else to worry about."

"Lord, yes!" agreed the Principal. "Well, let's get at it, anyhow, even if we can't do anything with it. I've got the figures all laid out on my desk."

They climbed the steps, went down the hall smelling of chalk dust, old overshoes, and mice in the walls, and turned into the big bare room that was the Principal's office.

Mr. Dewey dropped his hat on the floor and sank heavily into a chair. Timothy sorted out the papers which lay on the desktop and handed them to the old man. They both knew those figures by heart—125 students at $90 tuition, $11,250; income from $60,000 endowment which used to be steadily $3000 now shrunk to $2300 and still shrinking; total income $13,550 . . . enough for teachers' salaries, but shocking little left for insurance, coal, electricity, water, and supplies, and not a penny for any emergency repairs.

Mr. Dewey put the papers back on the desk and the two men looked at each other in a long silence. The thought flowed through Timothy's mind that old Mr. Wheaton, the one rich trustee, might, after having made himself sufficiently disagreeable, cover the deficit with a check. He said, "Maybe we might ask Mr. Wheaton—" but the actual words shocked him and he backed hastily away from Mr. Wheaton's checkbook as if it were quicksand, and corrected himself with, "No, no, better not."

Mr. Dewey nodded. They were both eternally on guard against the hold on the Academy which Mr. Wheaton's money might give him.

"Wa-al," said Mr. Dewey, "if we get in a tight, I guess I could get a couple of hundred for that oak on the Tyler lot."

"Oh, never mind," Timothy said. "I've got nearly two hundred and fifty in the bank I could spare."

Mr. Dewey silently reached for the papers again. Timothy walked to the window and, gazing out, saw a tall, red-headed boy pushing a bicycle up the hill from the village. He knew that it was Burt Stephenson, who earned part of his way through school by carrying telegrams from the Western Union office and special-delivery letters from the post office. Leaning out the window, he called, "Hey, Burt! If that's a telegram bring it over here."

"It's a special delivery for Mr. Dewey."

"Well, he's here with me."

The two men sat there in silence until the boy appeared at the open door of

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the Principal's office and handed the envelope to the Chairman of the Board of Trustees.

Mr. Dewey tore open the letter, began to read, turned very white, brushed his hand across his eyes as if he could not see, and handing the letter to Timothy, said, "Here, you tell me what's in that."

Timothy began to read aloud connectedly, but by the end of the first sentence he was wildly snatching only at the salient word in each phrase, flinging them out without connection: "George Clarence Wheaton found dead—apoplexy—will leaves Academy one million dollars for endowment—two hundred thousand for buildings—on condition name be changed—Wheaton Preparatory School—also exclusion all Jewish students—Jewish defined as person with any relative of Hebrew blood—codicil prescribes also that tuition be . . ."

Mr. Dewey was on his feet, had risen to his full height. Timothy had never seen him stand straight before, had never known how tall he was. He towered over Timothy's six feet like a cliff.

"What do you say to that, Timothy Hulme?" he asked, his face dark as thunder, his eyes—hooded deep under their shaggy brows—fixed on Timothy's face.

"I say it's infamous! What did you *think* I'd say?" shouted Timothy crushing the letter together and flinging it down.

The old man's face opened, cleared, burned bright as flame. He took a long step around the table and held out his right hand. *"By Goddy!* If we don't . . .!" But his voice failed him.

Timothy's hand clenched his. Silently they took the vow. It was done. Their hands, having spoken for them, fell apart.

Timothy stooped over, picked up the ball of crumpled paper, put it in his pocket, and was aware of an apologetic shuffling of feet behind him. Burt Stephenson stood there by the desk, embarrassed and troubled.

"Oh . . .!" said Timothy, and halted.

Mr. Dewey said, "Oh . . .!" and stood still. There was a short silence.

Burt broke the spell. "Say, Mr. Hulme," he said, hesitatingly, "—well—you see I get twenty-five cents for every news item I send in to the Ashley *Record*. I wonder if it'd be all right to . . ."

Timothy looked at Mr. Dewey, then said, "Burt, this is about the most serious thing that ever happened to our old town. You're a Clifford boy. It's up to you as much as anybody to help do the right thing. We three Clifford men can talk this over and then I'll help you get your news item ready."

"Yes, Professor Hulme," said the boy in a subdued voice.

Timothy said, "We'd all better go over to my house. I've got the file of Academy catalogues there and some clippings and other papers with dates and figures Burt will need to have."

Mr. Dewey stooped stiffly, picked up his hat, and put it on. The three walked down the corridor at the old man's pace. At the front door Mr. Dewey halted, drew a rather quavering breath, and said, "We got to move fast, T. C., if we're goin' to keep ahead of this." His eyes were fixed on the western sky. He was not looking at it; he was looking at his own old age. *"Can* I move fast enough, T. C.? Can I move fast at all, any more?"

"The two of us together can probably get up quite a speed, Mr. Dewey," said Timothy.

II

They walked across the yard to the Principal's house in silence, each deep in his own thoughts. Presently, Timothy asked, "It's a month, isn't it, till the election of the trustee?"

Mr. Dewey nodded. "Yep. It'll come on—what's today?—It'll come on October 16th."

Mechanically Timothy opened the door and let the other two pass through. "Not much time," he said, half to himself.

"Not much," Mr. Dewey agreed, "but time enough to put up a stiff fight."

At this, Burt Stephenson's mounting bewilderment burst into speech. "Why, you're not going to fight this *gift,* are you? Good gosh, Professor—why, we can have the gymnasium like we've always wanted to!"

"As we've always wanted to," corrected the Principal.

"But, Professor Hulme," said the boy, "how can you fight it? It's done. What can anybody do about it now?"

"That remains to be seen. We're going to put our heads together on that point right now." He ran up the stairs to his study, leaving the old man and the boy to follow more slowly. Pushing open the door, he found the room close and hot, opened the windows, pulled out a pasteboard letter file from those on a shelf and dropped it on his desk. Then he stood still in the middle of the room, thinking fast.

As the other two came down the hall toward his door, Burt was asking, "But what *dif*ference would it make? We don't *have* any Jew students anyhow . . . not to speak of." Mr. Dewey said, "Over my dead body, I tell ye! I'll sell out and move to Ioway, first."

When they came inside, Timothy asked, "Mr. Dewey, do you want to say something to Burt about his news item?"

Mr. Dewey, letting himself down slowly into a chair, shook his head, "No, I'm too mad to talk. You start in, T. C."

"Uncle Tim—"

Timothy looked up and saw Canby Hunter standing in the doorway. "What is it, Can?"

"I heard you talking. What is it, anyway, about Jews and the Academy?" Timothy handed him the letter. The young man scanned it, whistled, then said, "Well, I'll be double damned." He looked up at Timothy. "Can I sit in on this, Uncle Tim?"

"Oh— Sure, if you want to," Timothy said. He turned to Mr. Dewey. "You know my nephew Canby Hunter, don't you, Mr. Dewey? He came in from Michigan day before yesterday for a visit."

Mr. Dewey nodded at the tall young man in the doorway.

Timothy said, "This is Burt Stephenson, Canby. Canby went to the Academy before your time, Burt."

"Glad to know you, Burt," Canby said and dropped down sprawling on the cot against the wall.

Timothy sat down at his desk and motioned Burt into the chair on the other side, wondering

Scribner's SHORT NOVEL

Dorothy Canfield has no less than two dozen books to her credit. She has written on many subjects, has worked in both fiction and nonfiction. Yet to all her work she has brought a sensitivity and a depth of understanding which have earned for her both popular and critical acclaim. "Seasoned Timber" is her first novel since 1933, and we believe it will rank as one of the most important books of 1939. Because of the incisiveness of its treatment and the timeliness of its topic, this novel of modern New England is ideally suited to Scribner's purpose—the examination of contemporary life in the United States. The sequences which make up this Short Novel are drawn from the book-length version which will be published by Harcourt, Brace.

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where to begin. As he looked across his desk at the young mountaineer, intact, innocent—in danger—he found himself stirred to the depths by an awareness of the moment's meaning. Back of those clear, intelligent, life-ignorant eyes, he saw all Clifford—in danger—and knew with astonishment that he loved it.

Canby said, "See here, Uncle Tim, what I want to know is what can be done. You and Mr. Dewey haven't the say-so, have you?"

Timothy said, "Everybody in town has a say-so, Canby, that has a vote. The town will have to choose another trustee next month to take Mr. Wheaton's place."

"Good gosh, have you got to wait a month before this can be decided?"

"How else? Everything, you see, will depend on who is elected as the third trustee."

"But there are two now, Mr. Dewey, and that clergyman I forget the name of. That's a majority. Why couldn't they . . .?"

"Randall's his name," supplied Mr. Dewey. "We couldn't decide it, Hunter, because the two of us are a-goin' to vote different ways."

"How do you know?"

"I don't need anybody to tell me what Georgie Randall'll do; let somebody offer him a dollar to eat dirt."

Canby said, with a grunting half-laugh rather of incredulous astonishment than of amusement, "You don't think for one holy second, Uncle Tim, that you can find anybody in this town who'd vote not to take that money? And if you could, you don't fool yourself you could get him elected as trustee?"

"Hasn't it ever happened, Canby, in the history of the world that people have put their principles before—"

"Oh, Uncle Tim, be yourself! This isn't history. This is now."

"That's just what we're a-goin' to find out, young man," said Mr. Dewey warmly. "I may be all off, but this looks to me like history."

"Professor Hulme, can I ask one question?"

"I should say so, Burt! This is your party, lots more than it is ours."

"Why, we don't hardly ever have any Jews as students, see? Just Jules, and those Hemmerling boys, and Rosie Steinburg, this year. Why couldn't they go somewhere else to school? Good gosh, Professor Hulme, it'd be cheaper to *pay* their expenses, all of them up in Ashley at the High School, and get that money for the 'cademy!" The boy drew a long breath of satisfaction. He had got it out at last where it could be heard, the simple, all-sufficient argument, which, by some extraordinary absence of mind, nobody else had thought of. He waited, not to have it answered—how could it be answered?—to have it acknowledged, and this strange delusion ended.

Professor Hulme asked him, "Burt, do you remember about that trouble over the tax on tea between England and the American Colonies?"

"Why, yes, sir."

"Well, it would have been cheaper for your great-grandparents, a great deal cheaper, to pay that tax—it wasn't much—than to have the Revolution."

The senior looked surprised. "I see what you mean, Professor Hulme." He thought for a moment. "But honest—just think, now—it wouldn't make a single bit of *real* difference—it's not as if we had a lot of Jews here and there wasn't anywhere else for them to go to school."

"Well, now, Burt, suppose you had lived back there in Revolutionary times, and you'd been asked to back up the principle of no taxation without representation. Would you have said, 'But we drink coffee in our family—just a little bit of tea once in a while—so it doesn't make any *real* difference whether you pay that tax or not'?" He got the boy's eye—that honest, young, intelligent eye—and asked pressingly, "Burt, do you see what I'm driving at?"

"Yes, sir, I guess I do," Burt said, and then with the sincerest, wondering interrogation, added, "But, Professor Hulme, do you *like* Jews?"

Canby exploded into an involuntary yell of laughter. "There it is, Uncle Tim. You'll never turn that trick. It can't be done. Not in real life."

Timothy said quickly to the senior, "Did you hear what Canby said? You know what he means, don't you? He means you just aren't smart enough—that Clifford people won't be smart enough—to know what an abstract principle is."

Canby was really taken aback. "Abstract *principle!*" he exclaimed in pitying astonishment, ". . . when a vote's going to be taken! Why, Uncle Tim, you *are* crazy!"

There was a moment's silence, then Mr. Dewey turned to Burt and said, "Burt, your Great-Grandfather Hard and my father, Elias Dewey, were first cousins, and they went into the Civil War together. My father went through four years of it and came back with a wooden leg and went into the sawmill business. He lived to be 'most eighty and s'far as I remember he never said a word about the War. But when he died we found he'd put in his will that he wanted the dates of his service put on his tombstone, and this line out of a poem he'd learned to speak here in the 'cademy—'Fought and bled for Freedom's cause.' That's what *he* wanted, come time to die."

Mr. Dewey looked at the boy a moment, then went on, "Now the Decoration Day Committee always have you put a flag on Colonel Hard's grave because you're his great-grandson. Do you remember what is on his tombstone?"

"Gave-his-life-for-the-Union-and-to-free-fellow-human-beings-from-slavery," recited Burt, automatically.

"Wa-al now, listen. I'm not quite old enough to remember the Civil War myself, but I've heard my old people say that in those days there were lots of folks who kept asking the Union soldiers, 'But do you *like* niggers?' They just didn't get the point, see?"

"Yes, I see that," admitted Burt unhappily. "But I wouldn't like to see a whole lot of Jews in the 'cademy all the same."

Canby did not laugh this time. He said with the sincerest sympathy, almost with compassion, "You *see,* Uncle Tim."

"What is it I'm supposed to see?" asked Timothy, and waited for an answer with an air of genuine interest.

Canby rolled over on the cot to look at him derisively, "You know what, as well as I do. But if you want to hear it said—what you see is that there's no use trying to argue reasonably about *prejudices.* You can't *keep* people's minds on what you yourself admit is an abstract principle, unless you're talking about something they don't care anything about. And, my heavens, when you're up against not only the heck of a strong feeling but the heck of a lot of money, your abstract principle that's all right to bring up in a school debate—why it's blown galley-west!"

Timothy said sadly, "I'm afraid maybe you're right, Canby. But we're getting off the track. Let's get back to that intelligent point Burt brought up—about not wanting a great many Jews at the Academy. You're right, Burt. It would be a mistake to have a great many of any kind of student with a background markedly different from our Clifford life. But you are mistaken in thinking that to stand up for American principles and refuse this bequest would mean we would have a lot of students different from what we have now. Why should it? We should probably go on having just about as many as now. Some, once in a while. Why not?"

He waited till (*continued on page* 42)

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PHOTO BY DIMITRI KESSEL

COURTESY REPUBLIC STEEL

Installment selling has made possible the immense mass production in industry which in turn has tended to lower costs

Buy As You Go

JOHN T. FLYNN

AN EXAMINATION *of installment selling . . . a $5,000,000,000 credit device . . . its advantages, risks, and economic raison d'être . . . the rôle of the finance companies*

THERE has been, it seems, a good deal of wringing of hands and gnashing of typewriters of late about the poor old well-known human being, who is always getting into trouble. We are informed that he is being subjected once again to a menace more terrible than the Nazis because the Nazis are merely a menace, while this evil is actually in our midst. The evil is the installment salesman, and he is at the very front door with his bait and hook and his dotted lines. And the alarmists warn us that the thing is getting worse every month and will presently be as bad as it was in the 1920's.

When a man waves a menace like that before you, one thing to do is to run for the cellar. Another thing is to look it up. I looked up this one. Here is what I found. Back in 1929, out of every $100 of our national income, our shoppers signed up to pay eight dollars to the installment collector. In 1937 they signed up for a seven-dollar monthly take by this collector. Whatever you may say about this, it is not alarming.

But this does not prevent many persons from indulging in fits of trembling. Mr. Roger Babson, who believes that something should be done about nearly everything, not only thinks something should be done about this, but he has

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actually worked up a substitute for installment buying: It is very ingenious, a sort of scheme to buy on the installment plan for cash. Here is how it works:

Today you wish to buy a watch to give to your lady friend. You make a small payment down and agree to pay ten dollars a month for ten months. At the end of ten months, you are ready to purchase an automobile or a refrigerator or a radio or a new roof for the house. Thus you go on through life, buying one article after another and making payments every month. Now under Mr. Babson's plan all you have to do is to skip one purchase. Instead of buying the watch and paying for ten months, you save the same amount for ten months and then buy the watch. Then you save for twelve months to buy the car, and so on. You will be putting aside monthly payments just the same, but into a bank instead of into a finance company. You will buy for cash instead of on time and get cash prices and avoid interest. And you will be able to sleep o' nights. It is as simple as that. But it overlooks some practical considerations. If you delay ten months in buying the watch, you may lose the lady friend. While you are saving up to buy the refrigerator, you are paying the iceman. And if you save up for twenty years to buy a house, you will also be paying the landlord.

It has another drawback. People won't do it. And still another one—for, if I know my economics, Mr. Babson, who thus comes out for cash as against credit, is preparing to give his well-beloved capitalist system the greatest kick-in-the-pants of its history.

Being a New Englander, like another esteemed celebrity, the late Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Babson has more than a grain of piety and thrift in him. Even a Vermont Yankee can see some of the advantages of a little credit. William Allen White, in his life of Cal Coolidge, tells of the invincible and dour devotion of those old Northampton bluenoses to cash as an instrument of trade, and their suspicion of the man who bought on credit. They lived a pretty skimpy existence, and someone asked how they managed to get along. "Oh," said Cal's father, "there's a couple of Iowa mortgages at six per cent that help." Which boils down to this—that Vermont can get along on cash as long as Iowa goes in for credit.

But first a brief glance at what this installment business means in dollars and cents. In 1929, time sales in this country equalled $6,500,000,000. In 1936 it was $4,500,000,000. In 1937 it was $5,000,000,000—12.2 per cent of total retail sales. It will probably be a little less in 1938 when the figures are known.

Before 1920 it was limited to a few articles. But after the War it quickly flowed over into the field of radios, vacuum cleaners, engagement rings, clothes, farm implements, and the like. Today about 60 per cent of all automobile sales are on terms, 40 per cent of farm machinery, 25 per cent of all jewelry, and probably 75 per cent of electrical appliances.

Of interest is the fact that all this growth has been made possible by the development of instruments for extending credit. In this case it is the finance company. Its business is to finance the sale of dealers. It does not deal directly with the customer. The finance companies handle probably 60 per cent of all installment sales.

The simple truth about all this is that this is a very practical world, and when a gentleman sets out to sell his wares on the installment credit plan, he is confronted with three problems. First, the effect this enticing device will have upon his own business; second, the effect upon the customer; and third, the effect upon society. Being a practical citizen, he meets this challenge by meditating upon the problem as it touches himself and his own business, leaving the customer to fend for himself and society to the tender mercies of Franklin Roosevelt or whoever happens to be acting as the guardian of society at the time. But let us look at all of these three—the cast of characters in the comedy of installment selling—and see who, if anyone, is getting the short end of the deal.

II

First, the businessman. The problem for him is—will it bring him more business and can he operate with sufficiently small losses? On these points there is really very little room for argument. The historical fact is that installment credit has been a major factor in building up one enterprise after another for many years. Men got rich out of installment selling. They still do.

Of course, it is not difficult to find instances of foolish merchants who violated the laws of sound credit and landed on the rocks. But losses on installment sales are small, ranging all the way from less than half a per cent for the automobile companies to 5.4 per cent for jewelry. Hence there is no reason for a business landing in the bone yard by this means. There are two methods of keeping losses small. Either the merchant must be cautious of his risks when he makes the sale or he must adopt a system of merciless brutality when he makes his collections. Many businesses have been profoundly injured by the latter policy. To a salesman in the South, trying to sell a rug to an old colored woman, she replied: "No, sir. You'se a nice gemman an' I'd like to buy from you. But the last man who came here sold me a clock and he was certainly the nicest gemman you ever seed. But the man who came after, when I got behind, and grabbed that clock off'n my mantel was certainly the meanest white man I ever laid eyes on." There is, of course, no alternative to the "mean white man," bent on repossession, except an intelligent and cautious credit policy before the goods are sold.

III

At this point I am told that installment selling may be all very well for

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certain lines of business but that it definitely injures other lines which are not suited to the practice. In actuality this is no longer true. There is scarcely any kind of merchandise which is not sold on the installment plan now. And it is not always true that, because one man gets the consumer's dollar, no one else can get that same dollar.

Because the manufacturers of clothing fell into this mistake, they spent a lot of money back around 1924 attacking the automobile industry. They wept that Americans were riding around like princes dressed like paupers because they could ride like princes "on time" but had to have cash to dress like them.

The mistake comes from a very simple misconception. The clothing makers said that the consumers' dollars were flowing *into* the motor industry instead of *into* the clothing industry. What they failed to realize was that the consumers' dollar does not flow *into* an industry but *through* it. In other words, when a man buys an automobile, he puts eight hundred to several thousand dollars upon the motor maker's counter, whence it proceeds to flow rapidly right on through the plant into the hands of workmen, steel makers and their workmen, textile makers and their workmen, and so on through the hands of innumerable owners, employees, investors, farmers, miners, craftsmen. They in turn are at liberty to take that dollar around to grocery stores, haberdashers, movie houses, and all sorts of places.

The automobile business was, beyond dispute, expanded to its present giant proportions through the operation of the installment-payment method of selling. Because it was thus expanded, it created that vast tangle of industries in and part of the automobile industry and resulted in putting a great army of people to work. I once estimated the number of jobs created directly by the automobile. It added up to the staggering total of four million—four million people who drew money incomes from the automobile industry and who could use those incomes to buy not only more automobiles but also suits and hats and groceries and innumerable items in no way involved in the installment business.

However, here enters again my solemn-visaged economic evangelist from the Bible Belt to warn us that "you cannot build a sound economy upon discounting the future." If there is anything certain, it is that you cannot make this capitalist economy of ours work unless you do discount the future, and rather heavily. As a matter of fact, one reason why it is not working now is because we have pretty nearly quit discounting the future. We have left it to the Government to discount the future.

As a matter of fact, installment credit is in fact a form of short-term credit which is actually least harmful. All credit is at the same time both stimulating and depressive, both helpful and harmful. When it is being granted, it is called credit, and it boosts. When it has been granted, it is called debt, and is burdensome. It is a device for spending the income of the future. Having spent that income once, it can never be spent again. Therefore, installment selling has this drawback, that it is helpful when in good times it is stimulating sales and pushing business ahead. It is burdensome when a depression comes and an enormous volume of installment accounts are outstanding.

This is important, so let us make it clear beyond all chance of mistake. It is important because it is really one of the only two economic arguments against installment selling. One group of people buy goods in January on the installment plan, pledging their incomes during the next year. That group of people have pledged a part of their February incomes. Hence, when February comes and the income arrives, they cannot spend it again. But another wave of people in February buy another wave of goods, pledging their incomes for the next twelve months. And thus the business goes, wave after wave coming forward each month, to spend, not just the income of that month, but part of the income of a whole year in that month. This is all very well and it tends to boom business. But suddenly, for some reason, there comes a crack in business. Then for month after month the payments continue to come due; the incomes of the succeeding months which have already been spent must be paid out, not to buy new goods, but to pay for goods already bought. But the waves of succeeding buyers which take the place of those already pledged to payments either come to an end or fall off seriously. Thus as the depression gathers force, all of the income which is being paid to those still employed is not available for new purchases.

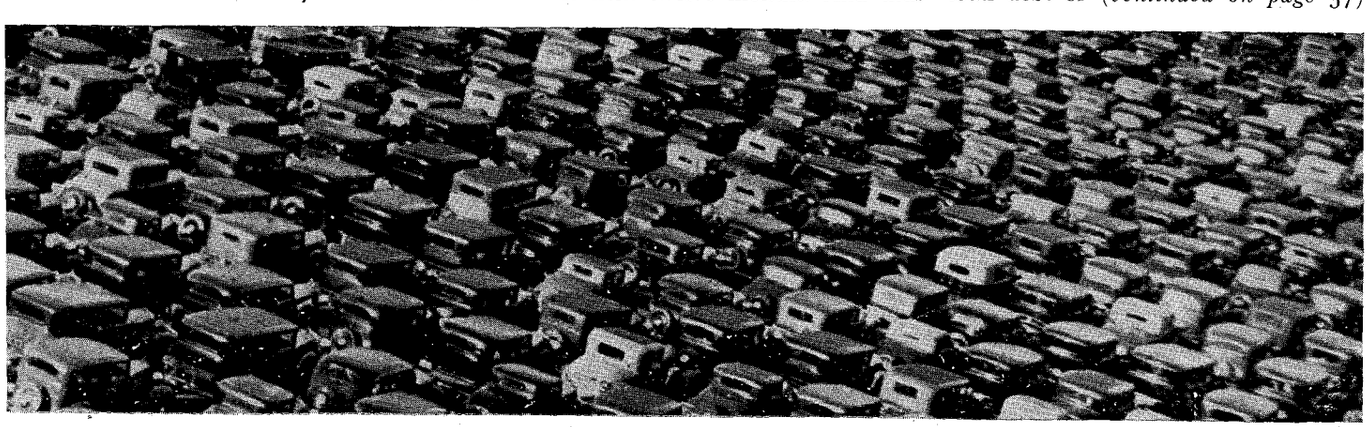
This would be a strong argument against installment selling were it not for the fact that it is equally an argument against all forms of credit. When a boom comes to an end and buying falls off seriously, there remain, as a vast burden, the debts of the prosperous period which has ended. This must be so until someone finds a way to make the capitalist system go without the instrumentality of credit.

In the case of installment selling, however, the debt burden it leaves in its wake is probably the smallest of all the debt weights. Here are the facts.

At the beginning of 1936, the outstanding debt of the United States—public and private—was 118 billion dollars. Now see how this came about.

Out of every one dollar of its income our people spent 60 cents in retail purchases. Of this, 18½ cents were on credit. Of this credit portion, a trifle over 7 cents represented installment purchases. The rest was due to public and private long- and short-term borrowing of all sorts.

At the beginning of 1936 outstanding debts for installment sales were over a *billion and a half dollars*. But there were *twenty billions* in bank loans, and the total debt of (*continued on page* 37)



ACME

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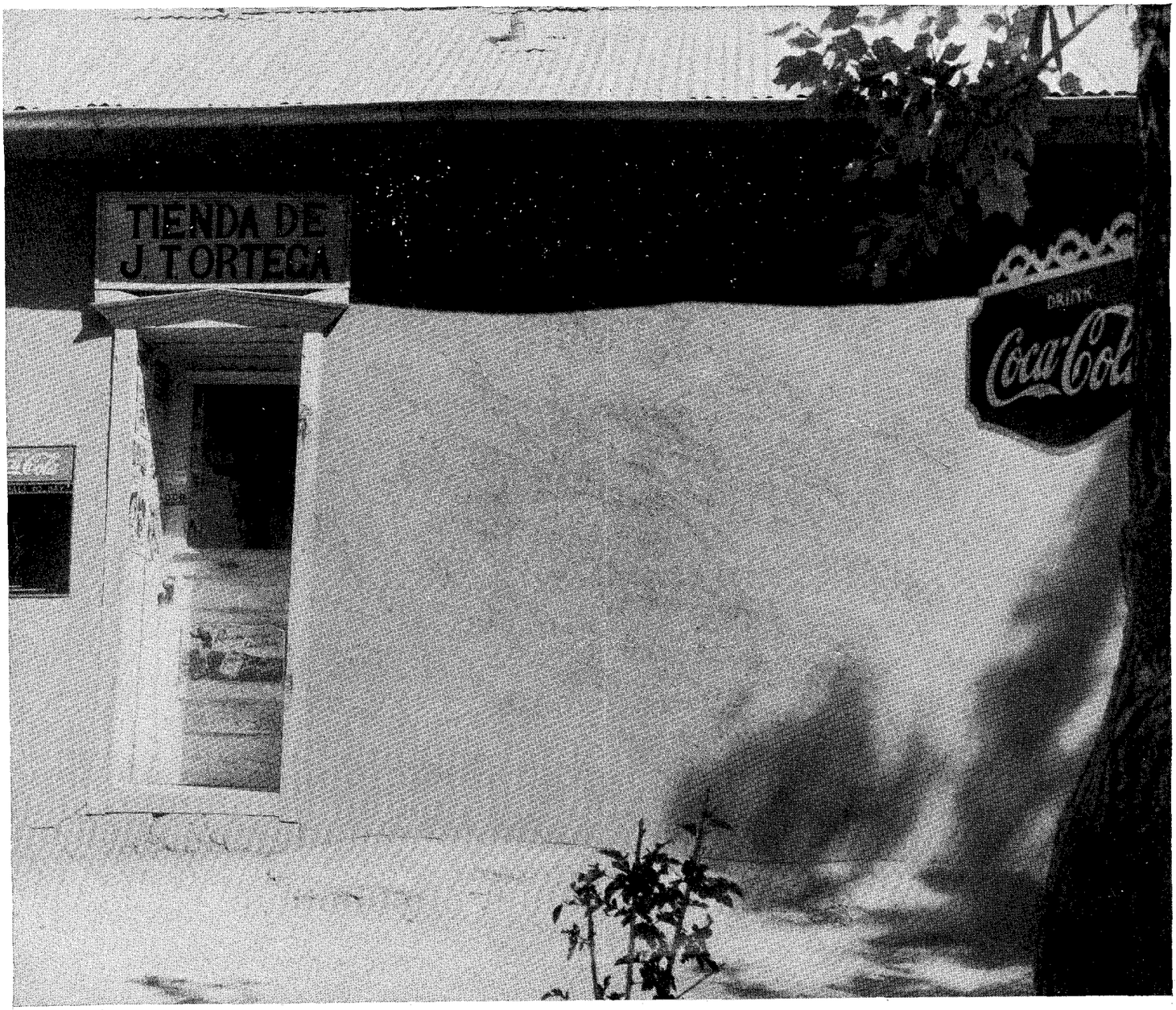
LIFE IN THE U.S...*Photographic*

NEW MEXICO



OASIS, by Irving Rusinow

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Beginning with this issue SCRIBNER'S will devote its photographic section each month to pictures characterizing life in one of the forty-eight states. In the past we have tried to make this section representative of many parts of the country, but we now feel that we can present a more distinct view of life in the United States by concentrating periodically on regional phases of it. The following six studies were made in New Mexico by both professional and amateur photographers, and we believe that they give a sharp and honest, if not comprehensive, impression of life among the people and scenes peculiar to that state. For technical information about the photographs see page 47.

QUEEN OF THE FLOCK, by Ruth Bernhard

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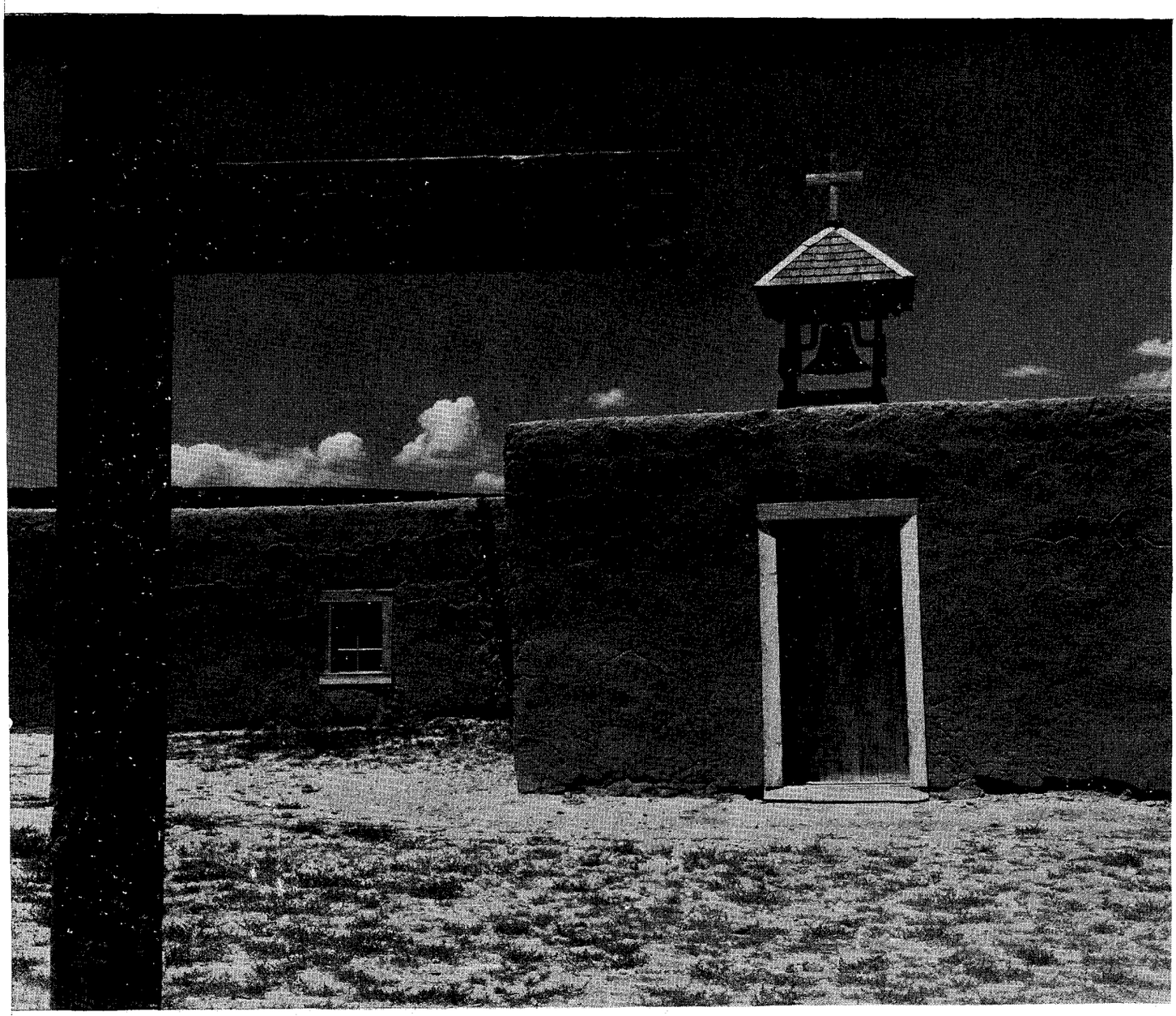

PENITENTE CHURCH, by Ernest Knee

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FIESTA DAY, by Margaret McKittrick

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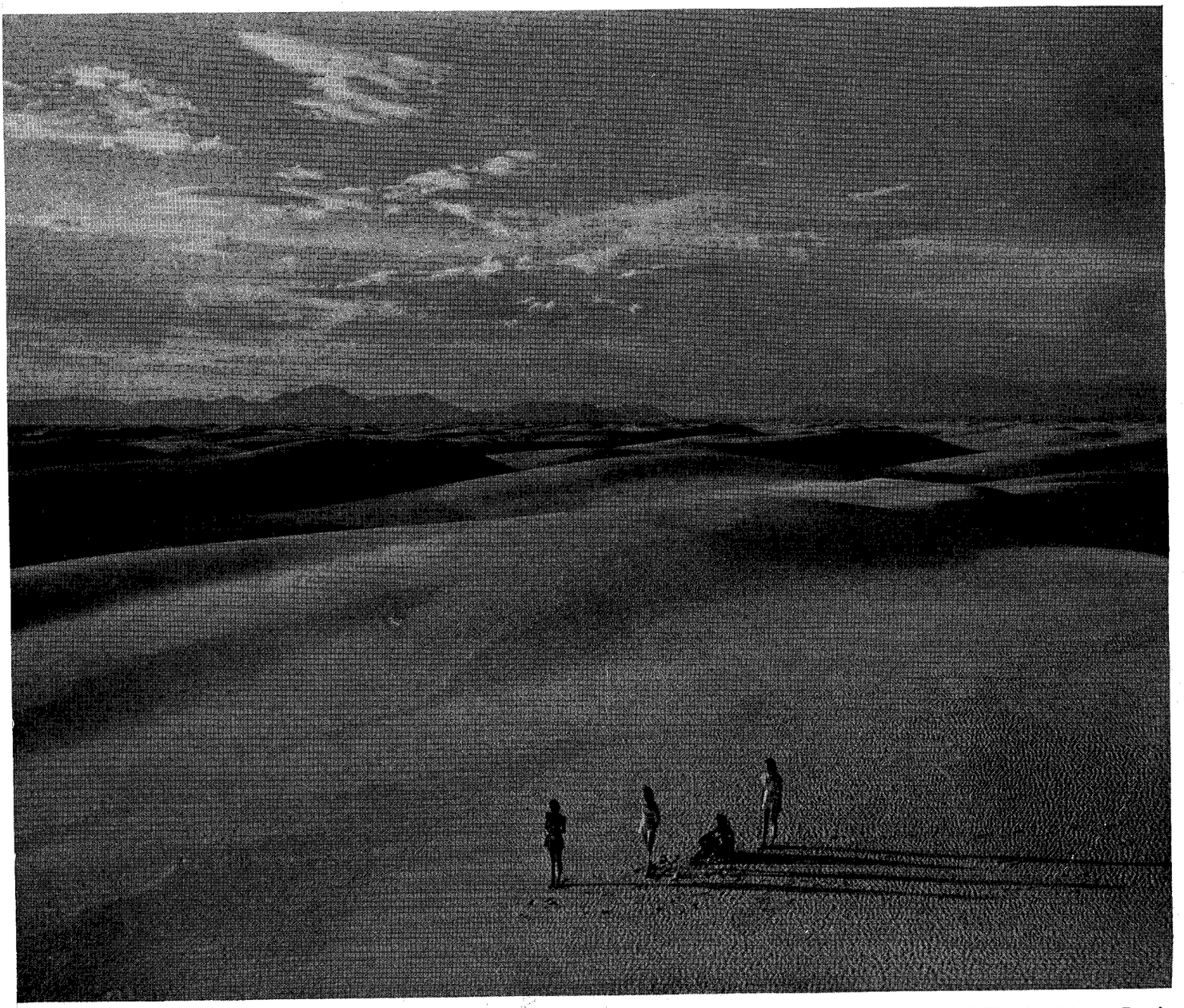

LODER

SAND DUNES, by Wyatt Davis

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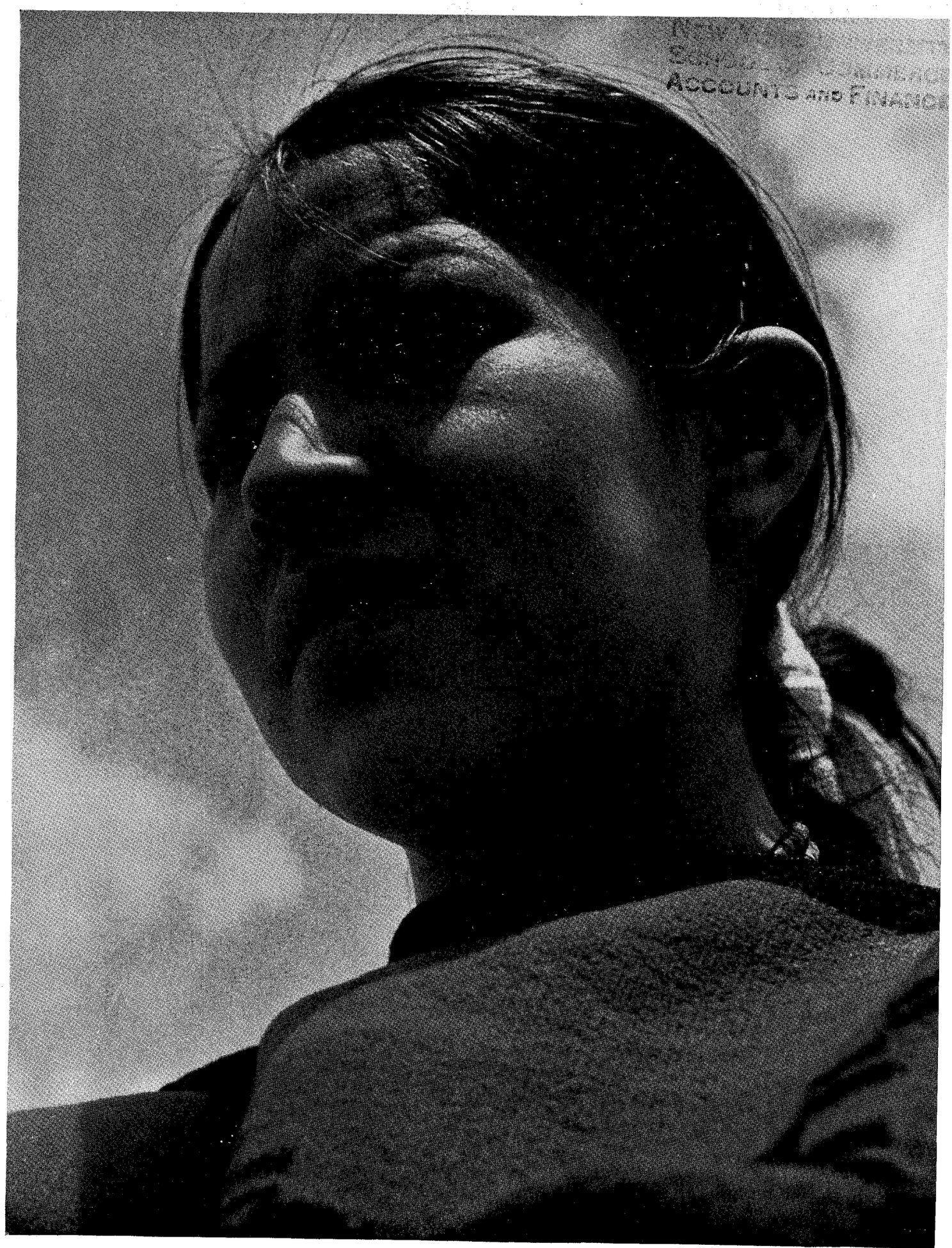

NAVAJO GIRL, by Walter Herdeg

BLACK STAR

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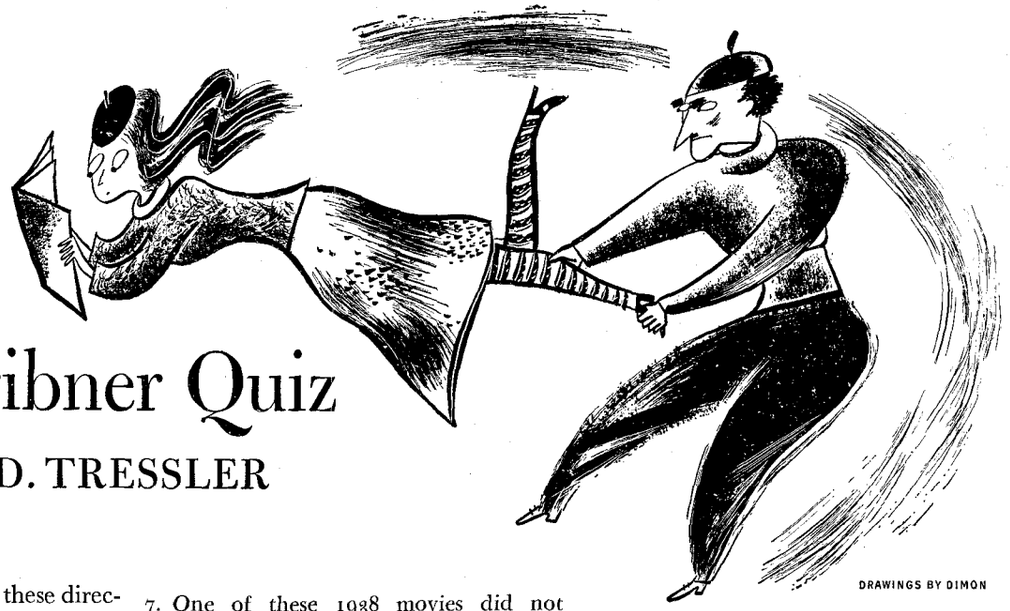


The Scribner Quiz

IRVING D. TRESSLER

DRAWINGS BY DIMON

FOR new readers, we offer these directions for determining their S.Q. (*Scribner's Quotient*). Read each question. Check the answer you trust. When you have completed the fifty questions, look up the answers and deduct two points for each error. Subtract from 100 for your score. (*Answers on page* 64)

1. Out of deference to his own sponsor, Fred Allen wouldn't pull one of these gags on his radio program:

(1) "To panna Ipana is a poor planna!"
(2) "Hitler's so sensitive to America that even Lucky Strikes irritate him!"
(3) "Because our humor is a little wet doesn't mean Canada Dry sponsors us!"

2. A newspaperman would blush if he couldn't pick the one nickname here which is correctly matched with a person or place:

(1) The Sick Man of Europe — King Carol
(2) The King of Swing — Babe Ruth
(3) The Bride of the Adriatic — Venice
(4) The Windy City — Washington, D. C.

3. And any horse would be indignant if you didn't know which of these parts didn't belong to his foot or leg:

(1) pastern (2) fetlock (3) hock
(4) shank (5) croup (6) hoof

4. One of these royal British sons has recently been appointed to go out to Australia as Governor General:

(1) Duke of Connaught (2) Duke of Kent
(3) Duke of Gloucester (4) Duke of Argyll
(5) Duke of Jacdempsey

5. For females of the U. S. the latest vogue in skiing is:

(1) learning how to stand up
(2) the use of knee-high boots
(3) the wearing of skirts

6. Now, class, which of these members of Roosevelt's Cabinet was born in a log cabin?

(1) Cordell Hull (2) Frances Perkins
(3) Harry Woodring (4) Harold Ickes
(5) Daniel Roper (6) Henry Wallace

7. One of these 1938 movies did not have a doctor as its principal character:

(1) A Man to Remember (2) The Citadel
(3) Yellowjack (4) Young Dr. Kildare
(5) The Young in Heart

8. The two alley cats circled slowly, snarling that the author of the hit play *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* was:

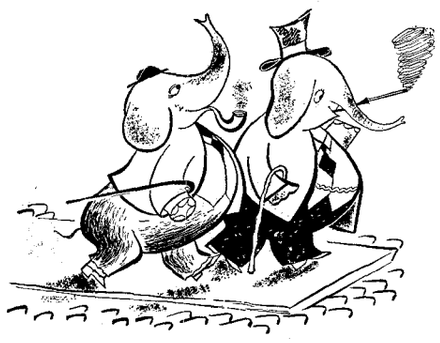
(1) Maxwell Anderson (2) Clare Boothe
(3) Robert Sherwood (4) Clifford Odets
(5) Thornton Wilder (6) Elmer Rice

9. It's always embarrassing when you're talking about a young deer and don't know for sure that it's usually called a:

(1) dearie (2) fawn (3) deer
(4) gazelle (5) kid (6) doe

10. According to the myth, when Pandora opened the box Zeus had given her, all the human ills escaped and left only:

(1) Hope (2) Despair (3) Truth
(4) Shame (5) Fascism (6) Indecision



11. What is more soothing than the shuffling sound of elephants' feet on pavement, unless it be the knowledge that Isis was the Egyptian goddess of:

(1) religion (2) love (3) fertility
(4) rain (5) music (6) agriculture

12. The main reason U. S. Attorney General Cummings gave for resigning his office recently was to:

(1) make some money before he gets old
(2) submit to a serious eye operation
(3) retire and write his autobiography
(4) break 90 at golf before he dies

13. "Oh, Mama, look at the oleander!" shouted the small girl, pointing at:

(1) a passing, effeminate-looking fop
(2) a high-waisted, quilted lady's jacket
(3) a small, poisonous, evergreen shrub
(4) a tiny, shrill-voiced, white dog

14. Allow yourself one minute, then see whether you know how many states there are whose names begin with a "W":

(1) one (2) six (3) four (4) five (5) two

15. If you played the tuba in an orchestra you would hold it as if you were:

(1) grasping a very hot roasting pan
(2) holding a chorus girl on your lap
(3) aiming a beanshooter at a bald head
(4) serving spaghetti from a bowl
(5) about to hit a home run

16. In England they have long admired Alfred Hitchcock for his:

(1) remarkable distance running
(2) successful novels about the sea
(3) chain of popular tearooms
(4) masterful directing of movies

17. One of these is a U. S. military order established by George Washington to honor those wounded in service:

(1) Order of the Bath (2) Legion of Honor
(3) Order of the Purple Heart
(4) Order of the Garter (5) Order for Merit
(6) Order from Your Nearest Dealer

18. Anna Roosevelt Dall Boettiger has publicly announced that sometime in March she expects:

(1) to move with her husband to Detroit
(2) to publish a children's magazine
(3) the arrival of a son or daughter

19. Which of these kinds of wood is generally used for fine cigar boxes?

(1) redwood (2) cedar (3) pine
(4) beech (5) oak (6) teakwood

20. In last November's elections one of these states elected a governor with the nickname "Julius the Just":

(1) Wisconsin (2) Pennsylvania
(3) California (4) Ohio (5) Michigan

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21. Find, if you can, the one correct statement in this group:

(1) Benes is President of Czechoslovakia
(2) The King of Siam is an old man
(3) Guerrillas are China's most effective defense against the Japs

22. "I'm cooking squabs for dinner tonight," sighed the bride, "and I didn't know until today that a squab is:

(1) a young pigeon that has never flown"
(2) a small chicken fed only on milk"
(3) a small pig" *(4) a brook trout"*
(5) a goose which beeps *instead of* honks"

23. In the language of a used-car dealer a "tomato" is:

(1) a car with the speedometer set back
(2) a stolen car *(3) a junky used car*
(4) an oil-eater *(5) a repaint job*

24. One of these queens died during 1938:

(1) Astrid of Belgium *(2) Farida of Egypt*
(3) Maud of Norway *(4) Victoria of Sweden*
(5) Alexandrine of Denmark

25. For the past seven years more U. S. Navy sailors' deaths have been caused by . . . than any other cause:

(1) drowning *(2) falling* *(3) explosions*
(4) old age *(5) automobiles* *(6) snakes*

26. Gracie Allen must like the publicity she gets from the book entitled:

(1) The Gracie Allen Murder Case
(2) I Give 'Em the Air! *(3) Gag 'Em!*
(4) She Who Gets Slapped *(5) My Life*
(6) Autobiography of the Allens

27. She was small, cute, and just bright enough to realize that when it's completed the . . . will be the largest earth-fill dam in the U. S.:

(1) Boulder *(2) Norris* *(3) Hetch Hetchy*
(4) Ft. Peck *(5) Grand Coulee* *(6) Tinker's*

28. By this time most Americans are aware that Ross McIntire is:

(1) the President's personal secretary
(2) the White House physician
(3) a young English cinema star
(4) U. S. Minister to Denmark

29. One of these is not a nationally known college musical-and-acting organization:

(1) Princeton Triangle
(2) Ohio Mugwumps
(3) Harvard Hasty Pudding
(4) Wisconsin Haresfoot
(5) Pennsylvania Mask and Wig

30. Most small airplanes use struts, and struts are simply:

(1) wing braces *(2) control wires*
(3) guy wires *(4) wing skids*

31. Washington, D. C., women complained last fall when Japanese cherry trees were removed in order to:

(1) provide room for the new airport
(2) take a diplomatic dig at Japan
(3) make room for the Jefferson Memorial
(4) keep so damned many tourists from coming to town each spring

32. Kapok, that filler used for certain types of mattresses and pillows, is:

(1) plain, ordinary horsehair
(2) the silky fibers of the kapok tree
(3) low-grade cotton fiber
(4) old, processed, cut-rate birthday-greeting telegrams

33. Did you know that doctors have recently warned Hitler to:

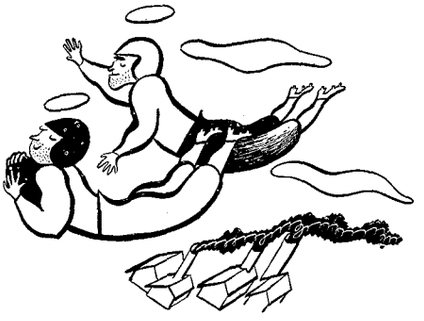
(1) wear glasses for reading and writing
(2) cease drinking because of his heart
(3) be prepared for a throat operation
(4) cut off both mustache and forelock

34. Henry Ford has a new car on the market this year by the name of:

(1) Little Daisy *(2) Zephyr*
(3) Mercury *(4) Courier* *(5) Edsel*

35. Since February is George Washington's birthday month, it is appropriate that you be asked to select the one true statement about him here:

(1) He built Mt. Vernon in 1743
(2) He died after a long illness
(3) He married a widow, Martha Custis
(4) He had one son, Lawrence



36. Which one of these 1938 college football teams had what was publicized as "the dream backfield"?

(1) Fordham *(2) Michigan* *(3) Duke*
(4) Pittsburgh *(5) Minnesota* *(6) Army*

37. It will be interesting to find out whether you know autointoxication is:

(1) liver illness from carbon monoxide
(2) poisoning by toxic body substances
(3) state of temporary mental derangement
(4) stomach's objection to a rough road

38. In case you've forgotten their names, the two football teams that met in Pasadena in this year's Rose Bowl game were:

(1) Texas Christian and Washington
(2) Duke and Southern California
(3) Pittsburgh and U.S.C.L.A.
(4) Notre Dame and Southern California

39. How much of John D. Rockefeller's estate was left after it was appraised?

(1) $1,034,678,905 and a pair of rubbers
(2) $1,543,762 *(3) $26,905,182*
(4) $545,236,411 *(5) $890,756,782*

40. "Today," said the chairwoman of the Goosehollow Literary Club, "we shall discuss Doris Lee who, as everyone knows, is:

(1) author of 1939's first best-seller"
(2) Europe's most famous woman pianist"
(3) a leading contemporary U. S. painter"
(4) England's famed ballet dancer"

41. Unerringly the homing pigeon carried this broken message to its roost: "Have learned that fuller's earth is a clay-like substance used:

(1) by masons when they mix mortar"
(2) by manufacturers to thicken cloth"
(3) by tailors to dry clean garments"
(4) by cooks to flavor spinach".

42. Which of these is a religious society of Methodist young people?

(1) The Gideons *(2) Izaak Walton League*
(3) Steuben Society *(4) Epworth League*
(5) World's Christian Endeavor Union

43. An important man in the District of Columbia today is Elmer F. Andrews, the:

(1) Wage and Hour Administrator
(2) chairman of Ways & Means Committee
(3) head of National Housing Commission
(4) chairman of the FCC

44. The ammeter on the dashboard of an automobile registers the car's:

(1) gas supply *(2) battery-charging*
(3) oil pressure *(4) trip mileage*
(5) compass direction *(6) speed*

45. The famous 1938 Congressional investigation of "un-American" activities was conducted by Martin Dies, Representative from:

(1) New York *(2) Oklahoma* *(3) Idaho*
(4) New Jersey *(5) Illinois* *(6) Texas*

46. The ad read in part ". . . deep-sea gait, ugly mug, iron jaw . . ." and was boosting:

(1) the sale of a leopard by a zoo
(2) a coming movie of Wallace Beery's
(3) the sale of an English bulldog
(4) Mayor LaGuardia for the Presidency

47. If your name was Brenda Frazier, you would be widely known as the:

(1) season's richest debutante
(2) successor to Sonja Henie
(3) cough-medicine heiress
(4) girl who outsmarted Wall Street

48. The author of "The Luck of Roaring Camp" was:

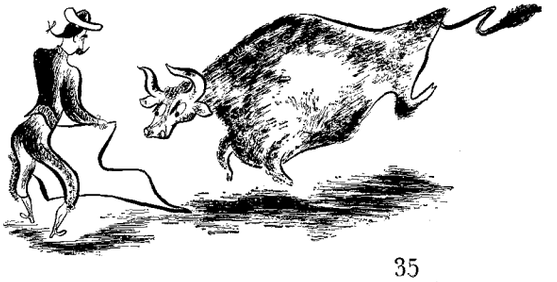
(1) Mark Twain *(2) Jack London*
(3) Francis Bret Harte *(4) James Joyce*
(5) James Fenimore Cooper

49. At the end of this year Don Budge will be ..... richer because he turned professional:

(1) $20,000 *(2) $40,000* *(3) $65,000*
(4) $50,000 *(5) $75,000* *(6) $49.95*

50. Anyone visiting Lima, Peru, last December had a hard time finding a hotel room because of the:

(1) annual bullfight championships
(2) recent $10,000,000 fire in city
(3) Pan-American Conference crowds



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Hugh A. Drum

(continued from page 9)

Spain and China—has proven Drum right and Mitchell wrong; today no one talks of infantry being a relic of days gone by. We do not ask whether Madrid has been bombed for the thousandth time; we ask whether its fortifications still are keeping out Franco's infantry. The fall of Hankow was not signalized by the dropping of Japanese bombs, but by the entry into the city of the Japanese foot soldiers.

Instead, the United States is now working toward a balanced plan which well accords with the views upon which General Drum has always insisted—one in which navy and army, each with its proper air component, will bear their proper parts. And one contribution which Drum has made to that end is the creation of the General Headquarters Air Force,

Passionate partisanship rose to such heights in the air dispute that after General Mitchell had been court-martialed and sentenced to suspension from rank and command for five years, Representative Blanton of Texas introduced a bill suspending Generals Drum and Nolan from rank and command for a like period, reducing General King (president of the court) to half-pay for the same length of time, making General Mitchell Chief of Air Service with the rank of Major General, and abolishing all courts-martial in time of peace. Time has changed all that: Mr. Blanton, now out of Congress and practicing law in Washington, has become one of General Drum's very good friends in these later years, while General Drum is recognized as one of the most air-minded of our senior generals.

This was not the last ticklish problem which Drum had to handle. As Inspector General of the Army he investigated athletic activities at West Point, then under the fire of Ham Fish, and in general gave the Academy a fairly clean bill of health. As Deputy Chief of Staff under Douglas MacArthur he helped in the work of modernizing the Army and in building the Civilian Conservation Corps. And as a member of the Army and Navy Joint Board he studied plans for the co-operation of the two services —plans, the practical application of which he was to deal with when, in 1935, he was appointed to the Army's largest peace-time command, the Hawaiian Department.

In two years in Hawaii General Drum built more than fifty miles of military roads; he saw completed the great bombing base at Hickam Field; he pushed through the construction of the bomb-proof ammunition depot drilled out of the solid rock of the old crater of Aliamanu. He discovered that eighty-five per cent of Hawaii's food supply comes from the mainland, and he started the Hawaiian Service Command, an organization which encourages small farmers, the planting of potato patches, seed storage, and other measures for making Hawaii self-feeding.

That he had not forgotten in Hawaii his old principle—the basic importance of man as a battle instrument—is illustrated by a story which Drum himself delights to tell. Before a series of joint maneuvers, he saw to it that every regimental commander gave a series of illustrated lectures to the men, explaining fully the purpose of the maneuvers, the importance of Hawaii in the scheme of our national defense, the work to be done by the whole command, by the individual regiment, and by each subordinate unit thereof. Thereafter, one morning at dawn, General Drum, inspecting a beach sector, came upon a lonely private standing guard as he had been directed. "What are your duties here?" asked the General. The private —he had been but six months in the Army—began eagerly and intelligently to explain. The General, well-satisfied, nodded and started to walk away. The private grabbed him by the arm. "You just wait a minute, General," said he indignantly, "I'm not half through with you yet!" And Drum waited until the boy had finished "sounding off." "I asked for it," he said afterward, "and I'm proud of the result. It's the only way to train American soldiers."

V

From Hawaii, General Drum was ordered in 1937 to Chicago to command the Sixth Corps Area. A year later he was moved to his present command of the Second Corps Area—making the third corps area he has commanded, for he was at the head of the Fifth, at Fort Hayes, Ohio, back in the early 1930's. Thus, out of the army's twelve big jobs of this type (there are nine corps areas and three overseas departments) General Drum has held four.

The commander of a corps area has no snap job. Popular pictures of generals with nothing to do but keep up their golf game and say "Harrrummph" to harried aides are wide of the truth. A typical day in Hugh Drum's routine is something like this:

Arrives office 8:50—invariably with a bright new idea not unconnected with hard work for the staff—spends twenty minutes opening and answering personal mail. 9:10—chief of staff arrives, gets decisions on policy in various matters (he handles the details himself).

Examples for one day: Educational work in CCC, decision on a report by the corps-area inspector, action on War Department letter about maneuvers, allotment of funds for transportation of troops and maintenance of posts, plans for barracks construction, complaint of a regimental commander about too many men on detached duty. The chief of staff and senior aide are then advised as to information the General wants and people he must see. Next the heads of staff departments begin to arrive. The judge advocate brings in a fat court-martial report detailing the sad conduct of Private Ducrot of the —th Coast Artillery, who has socked his sergeant on the jaw. The quartermaster submits the bad news about a shortage of motor transportation. The air officer has a problem relative to the Air units. The officer in charge of reserve affairs has trouble over procurement of officers for summer camps. A post commander must confer with the General as to use of WPA funds. The chaplain must see him about religious work among the men.

By the time the General has dictated a letter to the War Department about assigning troops for the World's Fair and one to a state governor who has asked for advice on training the National Guard, studied new uniform regulations and comparative data on the cost of summer camps, seen half a dozen miscellaneous callers (including a "prominent civilian" who has a complaint *re* noise by kids playing handball against an armory wall), received the "respects" of a major arriving to join the Corps Area staff and a colonel departing for Panama, the tactful aide has already telephoned Mrs. Drum, while the General slowly munches a sandwich and gets into the long job of

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determining the fate of Private Ducrot.

By the time justice has been tempered with mercy, the afternoon mail floods the General's desk, the aide is standing by a neat pile of efficiency reports with pen in hand, and another aide is announcing that the National Horse Show wants to know if it can have the 16th Infantry Band, same as last year. Four requests for the General's appearance as guest of honor at balls and banquets are disposed of; the General regretfully declines to speak at the luncheon of the Umph Club, but will send Colonel X. as his representative; and the really weighty matter of Rep. Pumpernickle's demand as to why one of his constituents has been bounced out of a CCC camp on his ear must be patiently investigated. "You're not forgetting you make your tactical inspection of the—the Field Artillery at Camp Dix tomorrow, sir? The plane's ordered for 6:00 A.M.," murmurs the aide as the General signs his name for the seventy-eighth time.

For Hugh Drum, in his present post, the going is especially hard. The social demands of the Governors Island post are the heaviest of any in the Army, outside of Washington, and the fierce light of publicity beats on its occupant without relaxation. Not that General Drum is averse to publicity; during his two years of duty in Hawaii, his picture appeared in the island newspapers 800 times. He likes to meet and know the leaders in the community where he happens to be stationed, to appear at public functions, to talk to civic groups about the Army. He is ambitious—but also, he has the ingrained belief that the proper kind of publicity does the Army good.

General Drum does not wear uniform ordinarily, any more than do the other officers at a corps-area headquarters. But whether in uniform or civilian clothes, he maintains his reputation for always being smartly turned out. Frequently the demands of ceremonial and other duties require him to make three or four changes of costume in one day —service uniform for a routine inspection, civilian clothes in the afternoon, blue dress for some informal affair at dinner, full dress for an evening ceremony. He smokes Camels in the daytime and cigars at night, prefers Scotch and soda to all other drinks, and can say more in fifteen minutes than most men can in an hour. He keeps fit by riding, playing golf, and walking his dog. His wife calls him "Drummie," and by the men under him he is known as both a hard driver and a hard worker. If he expects a high standard of performance of his subordinates, he is equally exacting of himself.

For all his forty years of service, Drum's mind is still elastic, still eagerly seeking for new ideas. Few soldiers have given more thought to the application to tomorrow's war of the weapons and methods developed since 1918. For example, it has been demonstrated by Francisco Franco in Spain that the use of attack aviation as a battlefield instrument is the one possible means of breaking the deadlock imposed by the inability of unarmored infantry to close to the assault against the machine gun, and the threat of the anti-tank gun to armored troops. At the maneuvers at Fort Knox, Kentucky, in the fall of 1937, General Drum insisted on emphasizing this particular use of his air force; he sees in this use of "fire from above" the solution of the problem of close support of advancing infantry in those last terrible minutes of the assault when their artillery can no longer serve them and the enemy machine gunners and anti-tank gunners crawl from their dugouts to come into action.

This modernistic approach is of particular pertinence today. The Army stands on the threshold of a new and perhaps its greatest peacetime development. Ethiopia, China, Spain, Austria, and Munich have put the pacifists on the run. This year is expected to bring the largest army appropriations in nearly two decades.

Meanwhile, developments in Europe have turned the thought of the nation from its defenses in the Pacific to those of the long-neglected Atlantic Seaboard. It is perhaps significant that this section, in which American centers of industry, finance, and political authority are concentrated, has now become the care of the general who so greatly contributed to the Pacific defense plans—a general who is a living refutation of the Liddell Hart thesis that the military mind tends to stagnation and conservatism.

Buy As You Go

(continued from page 27)

the nation was 118 billion dollars. If debt is a burden, it will be seen that the installment share of this burden was less than 2 per cent. And it was not that 2 per cent which did the damage. It was the vast burden of long-term debt. What is more, while installment sales fell off heavily, they apparently never dropped to a figure lower than the outstanding installment debt.

Another fallacious criticism of installment selling is that it curtails savings. Savings is a sort of Jekyll-and-Hyde economic character—with a benignant and malignant countenance. If one unit in the community saves, that's good for him. But if everybody saves, the sum of all this saving would mean ruin. When savings exceed investment, the depression has begun.

IV

Now what about the person who supplies the sinews of war for all this—the consumer? Of course, it is an excellent rule to pay cash for things. One can buy cheaper, live free of the importunities of the clerk who is paid to write harrying letters and the collector who often has the social graces of a bouncer. But it is not all as simple as that.

Take this proposition that installment buying raises the price. That is subject to two important modifications. First, the purchase may effect savings in some other directions as set off against the price. Take, for instance, the purchase of an icebox. The woman confronted with the problem of buying the refrigerator now, on time, or saving for thirty months and paying cash, must include in the calculation the cost of ice from the iceman while she is saving. Calculate it and you will find that, once she has decided to buy the icebox, it is cheaper to buy at once, even though there is an interest charge. The same thing is true in the case of the man who buys farm machinery or a typewriter for his business. The implements have a productive value which must be set off against the increased cost.

There is another aspect of this cost feature. It must be admitted that it is cheaper to buy an automobile for cash than on time. One saves the financing charges. But, on the other hand, installment selling has made possible the immense mass production in the automobile industry which in turn has tended to lower costs whether you buy for cash or on time.

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There are, however, types of goods which in the trade are called "soft" and which belong in the category of current consumables—such as clothing. The average buyer is a dupe to buy clothes on the installment plan. That is an excellent method of cutting down your effective income. For such materials are always a nest of hidden prices because of the cost of installment selling and collection and losses. Many a workman will go on strike, risking starvation and life for a five-per-cent wage raise, and then cut down his income by ten or twenty per cent through ill-advised purchase of clothes, jewelry, and other things on the installment plan.

Most indefensible of all is the use of personal-loan-company credit. This is widely employed in the case of used cars. The personal-loan company must not be confused with the finance corporation. The former makes loans to individuals to buy for cash. The latter does not deal with individuals. It supplies cash to automobile dealers to enable them to sell new cars on the installment plan. The finance corporations operate on a plan which makes the cost of the credit about 11 per cent. But the personal-loan companies usually charge the individual around 3 per cent a month on all amounts under $150 and 2 to 2½ per cent on amounts over that. Buy a used car for $200, pay $50 cash, and finance the remaining $150 through a personal-loan company and you will pay 3 per cent a month on the unpaid balance. It works out to about 30 per cent a year. The man of small income who buys on the installment plan on this basis is a fool.

V

It would be strange if an institution involving such large sums and affecting so many people did not fill the breasts of reformers and practical business groups, adversely affected, with inspiration for laws. There is a persistent demand for the regulation of finance companies. In fact, two states have set up commissions to regulate them. There has been an effort to regulate the forms of advertising and the public representations of finance companies. There is a growing demand for more rigid control of personal-finance companies and for greater limitation of interest charges. In places there is an outcry against the rather ruthless methods of repossessing merchandise from delinquent debtors.

To complete the picture it is necessary to add that there is a considerable debate going on among businessmen themselves on the whole question of the wise use of installment credit as a business device. The credit men, for instance, insist this is one of the most important practical questions in business today. But there is no proof that their factual-economic approach can prevail over the pass-a-law attitude. The only certainty is that here is a field which the reformer will do well to enter gingerly.

The Resurrection of Mr. Volstead

(continued from page 15)

ness. Guesses set it at from fifteen to thirty-five per cent of the hard liquor consumed in the United States. True, we had bootleggers in the pre-prohibition days, but their rural moonshining and small city stills were mere chiseling compared to the operations of the modern bootlegger. The automobile has given the artisan of the mountains a wide market. The maker of illicit alcohol works with units capable of turning out 10,000 gallons a week. In those cities of the Middle West which serve as centers for distribution, he can buy all the containers for illicit whiskey—the box, the bottles, forged labels bearing the name of a legitimate, expensive brand, and imitation revenue stamps which will not stand close inspection—at $5 a case. By truck or adapted passenger car the bootlegger is running hard liquor into dry or "beer-only" states almost as efficiently as during the prohibition period. The Federal Government is fighting all this, of course—and with a force nearly twice as large as it employed under prohibition. Sometimes it wins a substantial victory, as when in 1938 it eliminated large rings of bootleg manufacturers in both New York and New Jersey. But the snake is only wounded, not killed.

IV

There are other factors brewing trouble for the liquor industry: racketeers in the retail trade, trick labor unions, high-powered criminal salesmen representing cheap brands, "tied houses," the liquor-politics axis, and ex-bottleggers who act on the theory that any liquor law was made to be broken. Examination shows that the new liquor laws, both state and Federal, generally forbid any manufacturer to have the slightest stake in any retail establishment. But examination also shows that most of the states which decided to permit sale of hard liquor "across the bar" decided to limit licenses for this purpose and make them expensive, while granting unlimited and cheap licenses for the sale of beer. As a result, beer joints sprang up like mushrooms—but not without cultivation. For certain brewers—this time local concerns rather than the great national companies—have found ways to beat the law, and on a large scale.

The methods vary. The brewer sets his sign over a beer parlor or even a fully licensed bar and pays the proprietor a wholly inordinate fee for the space; until the establishment gets on its feet he delivers a dozen cases or barrels of beer and charges for ten; he makes a loan, against a note, through a dummy bank; he pays the rent on credit through a dummy real-estate firm; he even provides the bar, the furniture, and other accessories through a dummy furniture company. The establishment rewards him, of course, by selling his beer exclusively, whereupon, as of old, his rival sets up another beer parlor across the street.

Whatever the method, there follows the same old effect—crowding the business until the retailer is driven to despair. Only when he takes to underhand work in order to live does he introduce a new thread into the old pattern by dispensing bootleg whiskey and gin, at cut-rate prices, in his back room.

In that other wet period, prohibitionists dwelt heavily upon "the unholy alliance between liquor and politics." Our new liquor laws tried to correct every abuse of the old traffic except that one. Politicians drew the laws; one could scarcely expect them to put curbs on their own profession. Of course, the alliance is tightest of all in those states which have adopted the "Quebec plan," wholly or with modifications, and put the government itself squarely into the liquor business. State monopoly, with sale of hard liquor only in state stores and by the package, has worked satisfactorily in two or three states, notably well-administered Virginia, but in the majority of them—let us take our example from Ohio:

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Protect Babies before Birth

SYPHILIS in newborn babies, frequently called congenital syphilis, is preventable in most cases. Read what Surgeon General Thomas Parran of the United States Public Health Service says:

> "The first thing to do completely, in my opinion, is to *wipe out congenital syphilis.* That is one job that doesn't need to take a generation...
>
> "We know absolutely that with good treatment, begun in time, there is only one chance in eleven that the syphilitic mother will not bear a healthy child...
>
> "We know that early treatment before birth is vastly more effective than any treatment after the child is born."

A blood test will indicate whether or not an expectant mother has syphilis. If the test is positive, she can take advantage of the almost certain protection for her child which medical science provides.

Every mother-to-be wants her baby to grow to sturdy manhood or womanhood—yet in the United States, authorities estimate, sixty thousand babies are born each year infected with syphilis. Frequently this disease may seriously affect the sight and hearing, or weaken the heart and other organs.

At times congenital syphilis in a child, unsuspected by either parent, may give no outward sign of its presence before maturity, when evidence of the disease may appear. Yet, if a blood test were made part of the examination and prenatal care given expectant mothers by physicians or clinics, congenital syphilis would be a rarity in our country.

The fight to stamp out syphilis gains power and effectiveness every day. Public opinion actively supports intelligent measures for the prevention, treatment and control of venereal diseases. Citizen groups, notably women's clubs, are becoming aroused to the fact that syphilis, scourge though it may be, is not unconquerable.

Most communities maintain clinics to care for those who are unable to pay for treatment. Local health departments or medical societies are prepared to refer those in need of treatment to qualified physicians.

The Metropolitan will be glad to send you its booklet "The Great Imitator" which contains information that you should have about syphilis. Address Booklet Department 239-S.

The American Social Hygiene Association, through its National and State Anti-Syphilis Committees, is sponsoring the third National Social Hygiene Day, February 1st, 1939. On this day, citizen groups and physicians all over the country will meet with health officials to plan the next steps to take in stamping out syphilis—particularly congenital syphilis. This Association, 50 West 50th Street, New York, N. Y., will be glad to send literature and full particulars regarding the meetings.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, Chairman of the Board — LEROY A. LINCOLN, President

ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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There, late in 1937, a Senate committee began an investigation. It did not get far; a sudden refusal of funds, a premature adjournment of the Legislature cut the hearings short. But it did present evidence that the state-owned liquor business was only an annex to the state political machine. It showed state job-holders serving "on the side" as agents or salesmen for liquor firms, and inspectors for the state liquor administrators becoming campaign workers during elections, charging the state not only for their time but, by a little juggling with bills, for offices for their political headquarters. Here a word of caution. In Ohio, as in other states, do not lightly put the blame on the commission or the administrator.

In some states the laws, as though with premeditation, so divide responsibility as to make an attempt at regulation an orgy of buck-passing. In others, the administrator knows that sacred cows dot the landscape and that he lays his hand upon them only at peril of his post or of his limited usefulness. Also, local officials, who in theory enforce the new liquor laws while the administrator exercises only a kind of general supervision, tend to shirk the job and leave it all to him, exactly as the states left enforcement of prohibition to Uncle Sam. D. Frederick Burnett of New Jersey is by common consent one of the most efficient administrators in the country—up to his powers. He has about ninety men available for police work. One of their duties is to drop in on bars like bank examiners, in order to spot the sale of bootleg liquor. They can visit each establishment on an average only once in twenty-one months.

V

The larger and more stable distilling and brewing interests are not unaware of the flaws and abuses in the repeal traffic nor blind to the dry spots on the map. The distillers set up an organization following repeal, the brewers pooled their public interests in one body, and a third offensive was launched by an independent organization whose work is worth examining. At the outset, the Distilled Spirits Institute was merely a kind of chamber of commerce. The abuses of the new trade impelled it by 1936 to begin passing resolutions which denounced some of the existing conditions. Here and there, it helped citizens or organizations in an attempt to clean up a bad district. Also, after considerable fiery debate, it passed a self-denying ordinance with regard to advertising—no pictures of women, no use of the radio or of Sunday newspapers. Later came a row, which saw Gene Tunney resigning and the Institute naming Wesley A. Sturges, Yale professor of law, as its managing director. Sturges has already put his finger on one father of abuses in the new traffic, and has begun an interesting experiment to correct it. Connecticut, in common with several other states, has proceeded on the theory that control by local boards, with a state authority backing and supervising them, is more workable and democratic than full state control. Alluring in theory, this has not worked so well in practice. The smaller the political unit, the easier it is to "fix." Sturges will appeal directly to the citizens—urging them, through women's clubs, ministerial associations, chambers of commerce, and every other organization for public betterment, to report violations of the liquor laws to their local boards and, failing to get action there, to pass the complaints on to the state authorities. If this plan succeeds, the Institute will presumably extend it to other states. Another experiment, however, has already succeeded on a modest scale. It is the National Moderation League, run in Illinois by Raymond Bruce, who is not a prohibitionist. Backed by religious and philanthropic organizations, Bruce collects funds from their members as the need arises. He will take help and advice from men in the liquor business, but no money. And the League has cleaned up several districts in Southern Illinois by the same method which Sturges proposes for Connecticut.

Take an anonymous example: One rather sparsely populated county had within its borders, besides the usual beer parlors and package dispensaries, 485 places licensed to sell hard liquor by the drink. Most of these establishments were tied houses, the promoters being small brewing companies and wholesale dealers in cheap brands of whiskey. These padrones not only tempted the retail dealers to violate the laws but made violation a condition for doing business. No man could get backing to open a bar unless he agreed to install a slot machine for small gambling. Also, any retailer might have the services of a professional gambler to set up a blackjack or craps game in a room upstairs; and through middlemen who made all the arrangements, the licensee might ally himself with illicit sex.

A ministerial association and a newspaper appealed to the League for Moderation. Its detectives gathered the evidence, and residents made formal complaints to those local boards which, in Illinois, not only issue licenses but have jurisdiction over violations. No results whatever—as expected. Whereupon the League appealed to the State Alcohol Commission. Chairman Arthur S. Smith proceeded to the little metropolis of the county, held a hearing (which revealed an alliance between the padrones and the local political machines), and delivered an ultimatum. He gave the bars forty-eight hours to clean up or lose their licenses. Next morning, the slot machines vanished; obscene exhibits disappeared from walls, and ladies with inviting eyes from corner tables; establishments which had lain concealed in cellars or attics either quit altogether or came forth to the light; gamblers packed up their layouts; adolescents trying to enter taverns met searching inquiry as to their ages. Within three months, sixty-one bars had given up and let their licenses expire.

This approach is paralleled by that of the United Brewers Industrial Foundation. Well supplied with funds by assessment on members, it has opened an advertising campaign keyed on "civilized drinking" and the low, safe alcoholic content of its product. It has backed its advertising with action—notably in Nebraska. There the brewers and distributors of beer formed a committee "to control abuses" and called to its direction Charles E. Sandall, a former United States District Attorney. By bulletin and advertisement they asked retailers, not only to keep their own establishments clean, but to report infractions of law on the part of competitors. "Good conduct committees" investigate all such complaints. If they find them justified, the members as a whole refuse to supply the offenders with beer. Up to November, 1938, the committees had invoked this penalty against fifty "hot spots"; and on the committees' evidence, state authorities had canceled or suspended twenty-seven licenses. This plan was tried in Nebraska as an experiment. The results were such that the directors of the Foundation decided at their annual meeting in New Orleans in November to extend it into other states. Eight states are now being picked for clean-up-or-close-up operations.

VI

When, about 1910, several states and innumerable counties had mystified the public by going dry, *Collier's* sent me traveling through the country to find the why and wherefore. I spent nearly a year on the job, found that the remote cause was a general impatience with the law-breaking tendencies of the Ameri-

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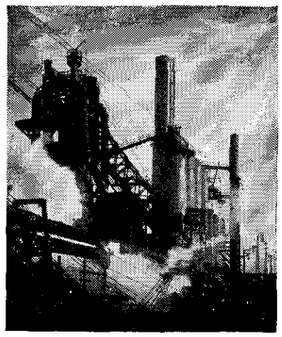

The Bethlehem Steel Quiz

TRY IT ON THE FAMILY

If you belong to that large group of people to whom a questionnaire offers an irresistible challenge we believe you will find stimulating adventure in this list of questions on subjects pertaining to the steel industry.

Correct answers to the Bethlehem Steel Quiz will be found on page 50.

1. One of the six terms listed below applies to an element frequently used in making steel:

(*a*) *Singhalese* (*b*) *manganese* (*c*) *Manchukuo*
(*d*) *obese* (*e*) *dextrose* (*f*) *mongoose*

2. The first iron works in Virginia was founded in 1619 by the Virginia Company and in 1621 one of the following was appointed to take charge of it:

(*a*) *William Ewart Gladstone* (*b*) *Ben Jonson*
(*c*) *Adam Smith* (*d*) *John Berkeley*
(*e*) *Dante Gabriel Rossetti* (*f*) *Samuel Pepys*
(*g*) *Lord Darnley* (*h*) *Christopher Marlowe*

3. The new bridge which is being constructed by Bethlehem Steel Company across the Connecticut River in western Massachusetts is named for:

(*a*) *Noah Webster* (*b*) *Robert Gould Shaw*
(*c*) *Jonathan Edwards* (*d*) *Calvin Coolidge*
(*e*) *Henry James* (*f*) *Cotton Mather*
(*g*) *Elihu Yale* (*h*) *Eleazer Wheelock*

4. Colorado is the major source of supply for one of the following alloys used in steel-making:

(*a*) *nickel* (*b*) *copper* (*c*) *aluminum*
(*d*) *silicon* (*e*) *molybdenum*

5. Most of the nails produced in America are made of steel. They are customarily manufactured by one of the following processes:

(*a*) *By hand-cutting from bar stock.*
(*b*) *By drop forging.*
(*c*) *By machine-cutting and heading from coils of wire.*

6. In the aggregate, the largest users of fence made of woven steel wire are:

(*a*) *zoos* (*b*) *penal institutions* (*c*) *lawns of residences*
(*d*) *farms and ranches* (*e*) *industrial plants*
(*f*) *public parks*

7. Hematite is a:

(*a*) *Substance without which the blood does not coagulate.*
(*b*) *Form of iron ore.*
(*c*) *Half of any given object.*
(*d*) *Trade name of an electric hemstitching machine.*

8. If you were prospecting for iron ore, the chances are that you would carry one of these instruments in your pocket:

(*a*) *thermometer* (*b*) *compass* (*c*) *stethoscope*
(*d*) *rheostat* (*e*) *electrograph* (*f*) *barometer*

9. One of the following names is that of a man who was intimately associated with the development of blooming mills for reducing ingots to blooms:

(*a*) *George Westinghouse* (*b*) *Alfred Nobel*
(*c*) *George Fritz* (*d*) *John Jacob Astor*

10. What large steel company supplied the fabricated steel and erected all but one of the following structures:

(*a*) *New York Central Building, New York City.*
(*b*) *Ambassador Bridge, Detroit.*
(*c*) *Taj Mahal, Agia, India.*
(*d*) *Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.*
(*e*) *Refinery for La Direcion General de los Yacimientos Petroliferos Fiscales de la Republica Argentina.*

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can saloon, and the immediate cause the Anti-Saloon League. It was working in Washington and in every state on a scheme of strategy from which it never deviated. It nominated no tickets; any member who ran for office automatically expelled himself. But every candidate, from town clerk to United States Senator, had to answer the questionnaires of this original pressure group; and the one whose promises most nearly matched with the Anti-Saloon League program gained their endorsement and support. Behind them the Women's Christian Temperance Union was working to create in the rising generation an instinctive loathing for "the poison cup." In 1910, they were calling their signals in plain language. "A dry America by 1920," they said; already they had begun to work toward a constitutional amendment. Being young and reckless, I printed this prophecy, added that unless the liquor business purged itself national prohibition was coming on schedule—and was laughed at. But it did come, exactly in 1920. Now they are prophesying again—"A dry America by 1950."

A dry America—but not exactly on the old terms. These astute, experienced, incorruptible clerical politicians have forgotten nothing; but they have learned something. They have dropped the idea of a constitutional amendment. "It had one flaw which we did not foresee," they say. "The states left enforcement to Uncle Sam. And the job was too big." They propose to proceed for most of the distance on the old plan, drying up first the small political units, then the counties and big cities, finally the states. This accomplished, they intend to call on the national administration to enforce that almost-forgotten second article of the Twenty-first Amendment which provides that the Federal Government shall co-operate to prevent liquor from entering any state contrary to its laws. It would be a more flexible form of prohibition and therefore, in theory, more workable. While opinion on this point has not yet crystallized, perhaps the majority among them hope eventually to make the purchaser and consumer of beverage alcohol equally guilty with the seller.

Such is the strategy. The tactics vary from state to state. In some, the state superintendent works with the liquor control to spot and suppress violations of law. In some, he remains indifferent to existing laws on the theory that the liquor traffic is inherently evil and will hang itself if given enough rope. But in all the states he is the spark plug of campaigns for prohibition under local option. Those dry areas which dot the country are not usually the fruit of a spontaneous uprising. In almost every case the superintendent has visited the district, laid out the plan of campaign, directed the fight. They take half a loaf rather than no bread—and then go for the other half. This policy renders a little hazy and illusory all statistics on the spread of dry territory. For example, sixty-three units in Ohio went dry in November, 1938. But some of these had already voted against the sale of spirituous liquor; having a hard fight in prospect, the superintendent had advised them to tolerate the sale of beer for the present. Then, after strengthening the dry sentiment of the district for a year or so, he called for another advance and added beer to the taboo. They have not yet altered their mathematics: one half of one per cent by volume is still the maximum quantity of alcohol which the Anti-Salooners will allow to the human system.

They carry, however, a few handicaps. When they scored their startling success, legislation by pressure group was a new idea in American politics. Since then, hundreds of organizations have imitated them—the Woman's Party, the American Legion, the Townsendites, the isolationists, the CIO, etc. In the new struggle to influence candidates they will meet much competition. They cannot at present command such funds as they did previous to 1920. The backbone of their finances consisted then in contributions from those religious denominations which made total abstinence almost a tenet of faith. These churches, like all other organizations, are nowadays finding it hard to make both ends meet. Moreover, many of their affluent members, recalling the failure of prohibition, are at present poor prospects as contributors. On top of this, the League can no longer draw large sums from the industrialists who in the pre-prohibition days were fighting drinking by employees in order to speed up production. The average manufacturer today is thinking less of increased production than of saving his own skin. But the Anti-Saloon Leaguers, like their WCTU allies, have the old crusader zeal—the conviction that one righteous man and God constitute a working majority. And they are counting on the old American tendency toward sudden reversals of political form.

Seasoned Timber

(continued from page 24)

the boy looked up at him. "Listen, Burt, if we don't take this money all that will happen is that Clifford will keep on for the next century just the way it has for the last hundred years—running its school the way it thinks it ought to be run, not the way somebody with a lot of money and very different ideas from ours wants it run. It'll mean that when we're old folks we can look back on our lives and think we had a chance to prove whether we mean anything when we claimed to be free Americans, or whether it was just talk. And we proved we really do mean what we said. I'd be proud to have that on my tombstone. Wouldn't you?"

He had been able at last to distill the thing he had to say into that plain simplicity which alone was worthy of it. The trained instinct of the experienced teacher told him that this was enough for now. He looked at his watch, said, "There's half an hour gone in talk," reached into a drawer for some sheets of paper, passed them over the desk to Burt, opened the letter file, and began to take out pamphlets from it. "Let's get at your news item. After all, it's facts, not opinions, the *Record* wants from you. Got a pencil?"

III

By the end of another half-hour, the news item was written, stuffed with facts, dates, and figures. Finally, Timothy gathered up the loose sheets and said, "Here, I'll read it aloud, and we can hear how it sounds."

He read, "A letter from New York City brings news of the sudden death of one of the Trustees of Clifford Academy, Mr. George Clarence Wheaton, and of a clause of his will stating that, on fulfillment of certain conditions, the Academy will receive a bequest from Mr. Wheaton's estate.

"In the one hundred and eighteen years of the Academy's history, two other gifts have been proposed to it.

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The first was in 1820, when fifteen leading citizens of the town founded it with contributions totalling nearly $20,000, with the purpose, as stated in the charter, of 'providing an education for young men which will make them better citizens of a free country, more capable of defending and handing down intact the American principles of liberty of conscience, independence and freedom, which our fathers won for us in the War of the American Revolution.' By the provisions of the charter, the Academy was directed by three Trustees, elected by the voters of Clifford, one month after a vacancy had been created by the death or resignation of one of the three.

"At the beginning, the Academy was for boys only, as was then customary. The second gift was made in 1867 by the will of John Crandall, one of those Vermont farmers who in the second quarter of the nineteenth century made a fortune out of breeding fine Merino sheep and selling them to Australian ranches. He was childless, his wife had long been dead, and he left all that he had amassed ($40,000) to the Academy, stating in his will that the gift was unconditional, 'since I do not consider myself superior in intelligence to the Trustees of the Academy or to my fellow citizens who elect them, but in the hope that female students as well as male may hereafter receive the benefits of education there, it being my opinion that the exclusion of some members of a community from opportunities enjoyed by others is not to the best interests of all.' The wish of Mr. Crandall was realized by the admission to the Academy in 1870 of 'female students,' as they were then called.

"Mr. Wheaton's will exacts as the condition of its bequest that the Academy bind itself never to admit a student of Jewish blood—Jewish being defined as a person with any Jewish relatives—and that the name be changed in his honor from the Clifford Academy to the George Wheaton Preparatory School. This conditional bequest is for one million dollars. Other conditions laid down are that the tuition fee for day students be considerably raised—with a specific provision for ample scholarships for needy local students whose families are unable to pay this increased fee; and that dormitories be built and boarding students added to the student body, the annual fee for such students to be not less than one thousand dollars per year. A quarter of a million more is offered if girls are excluded from the student body.

"Mr. Wheaton was born in 1867 in Mosher, Missouri. As a young man he left the North Dakota town where his father then ran a general store and went to Chicago. Securing a position in a carpet-manufacturing business, he worked his way rapidly up, and after twenty years withdrew his capital from manufacturing and moved to New York City. There he engaged in trading in stocks on Wall Street, where his large fortune was made.

"He was married in 1888 to Ellen Delia Pratt, who had been to school with him in North Dakota. They were divorced in 1918. In the same year he married Lou Mae Burnette of New York City, from whom he secured a divorce the year following.

"Mr. Wheaton in his boyhood had made several summer visits to his grandmother, Mrs. Kent. In 1923, passing through town on a motoring trip, Mr. Wheaton expressed considerable interest at finding Clifford so little changed since his boyhood. He returned the following year and spent several weeks in town. In 1925 he bought the old Walter S. Hurd place, which he had made over into a commodious and handsome residence, although his important business interests gave him little leisure to occupy it and he was seldom seen in Clifford. On the death of Charles J. Merrill, in July, 1929, Mr. Wheaton proposed his name as candidate for the position of Trustee in Mr. Merrill's place, and in August of that year he was elected."

Laying the papers down, Timothy said, "Well, Burt, there it is."

"Do you suppose," asked Burt, very casually, "that they'll put headlines to it?"

"Yes, I rather think they will."

The boy's dignity allowed him no verbal expression of pleasure, but his mouth widened in a quickly repressed smile. He started to go, but stopped for a moment in the doorway, hesitating, and turned back to say, "Listen, Professor Hulme, now I've—ah—had time to think about it some—why—ah—I—ah—get your point all right. Sure. I get you."

Timothy and Mr. Dewey both spoke at once. "Good for *you*, Burt!" exclaimed Timothy. Mr. Dewey cried, "I knew it! I knew anybody with Hard blood in him wa'n't a-goin' to go against his principles for money. Good-gosh-to-the-mountain! I'm glad to have you say that. Now there's three of us anyhow."

The blood had come up warmly into the boy's face at his elders' praise. "You bet! There are three of us all right," he said proudly, and turned away.

The three men waited for some moments in silence, till the front door

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closed. Then Canby said, "Well, if anybody was ever put through the third degree, it's that kid. But all the same you're going to get the shellacking of your life, Uncle Tim, on this. If it was for a thousand dollars—or even ten thousand—I won't say you couldn't pull it off. But Lord save us, a million!"

Timothy said dryly, "I take it that you are not with us, Canby."

"Sure I'm with you," said Canby, getting to his feet. "I think you're loony as cuckoos, both of you, trying to stop a machine-gun holdup by saying George Washington wouldn't have approved of it. But you put me through that third degree along with Burt. And anyhow I'm on a vacation from the real world. I can afford to take a flyer. So this graduate of the T. C. 'cademy is a-goin' to be a David, and with the Davids stand."

The other two looked up at him, blinking.

"Okay by you, Uncle Tim?" he asked, his brown eyes clear behind their glasses.

Timothy, touched and astonished, said, "Good for you, Canby."

"Well, then, Mr. Dewey, there are four of us in the slingshot brigade. We haven't a Chinaman's chance to get more than four votes, but let's go."

"Not a Chinaman's chance, hey?" protested Mr. Dewey, wiping his eyes, laughing uncertainly. "You guess again, Canby Hunter. You never heard the end of the story about David, I guess."

"Sure I did. But that was in the Bible, Mr. Dewey, in the Jewish Bible, not in the good old Aryan U. S. A."

IV

THE Ashley *Record* was distributed in Clifford by seven in the morning and from that hour on, the day after Mr. Wheaton's death, the close-woven network of telephone wires, which like a communal nerve system connected everyone's voice with everyone's ear, had been humming stormily in a tempest of exclamation, questions, and surmises.

"A million dollars! Why, I can't hardly make it seem true!"

"Perfessor Hulme is bound not to have it, I guess, from that piece in the paper."

"Whatever! Did you know he thought so much of Jews?"

"The paper says Mr. Dewey was right there and said the same thing."

"Why, I never knew Mr. Dewey so much as was *acquainted* with a Jew!"

*

"Oh boy! We can have the gymnasium!"

"I don't see why Mr. Wheaton, if he wanted to do something for the 'cademy had to be so bossy about it."

"Didn't you ever hear it said that he who pays the piper calls the tune?"

"Yes, I did, but we don't have to have no tune. We go along all right, so far, our own way."

*

"*Julia!* We can have a swimming pool! Warmed! And swim all winter!"

*

"Mr. Hulme has certainly taken leave of his senses. And Mr. Dewey too. I never heard anything so ridiculous! Poor as this town is, with heaven knows what ahead of us if the woolen mills should shut down."

*

"I hear Mr. Randall is just about crazy for fear something will happen to prevent the Academy getting this bequest."

"Why, what could happen? Somebody dispute the will?"

"No, no. What Mr. Randall's afraid of is that somebody will get elected as trustee that'll vote with Mr. Dewey not to take it with that condition—about keeping out Jews."

*

"A million dollars! Do y'know what I think? I think it'd be swell if the Academy turned it down. Like something in a history book. If I were old enough to vote, I'd vote against anything so mean!"

"You wouldn't!"

"I would too! I *like* Jules."

*

"A million dollars! Just think—a million dollars!"

*

"Well, I don't know about you, but I'm damned if I wouldn't be ashamed to make a promise for our town that from now to Judgment Day we'd never let a boy or girl go to our school if somebody could prove one of his great-grandmothers had Jewish blood. Sounds like kind of poor business for a Vermont town to get itself into!"

*

"Now, see here, we people, with good sense and something to lose, have just got to get together and push on this. First thing you know, that crazy schoolteacher on the hill will get people listening to those Bolshevist ideas of his. I never did like that man, but I never thought he was dangerous before."

"Dangerous? You're crazy! He can't keep us from getting that million."

*

"You know I kinda like to see old T. C. stand up for his ideas. Make all those Assembly talks of his seem 'sthough they really meant something to him, don't it?"

*

"Say, do you *realize* what it would mean to this town to have the interest on a million dollars spent in it, every year? Boy, we'd be on Easy Street! And not only that—we'd have an entirely different set of students—they'd be boys with real money to spend. Why, I hear the weekly spending money of boys like that is as much as one of the men that works in our mills would have for wages. They tell me that they'll spend just for lollipops! And when it comes to skis and tennis rackets! My brother—he works for a sporting-goods house in New York—tells me that sporting-goods shops in places where there's a good prep school make money hand over fist. What's the address of that firm in Boston that sells skis? I'm going to see if I can't get their agency for Clifford."

*

"What do you say we go up to Assembly this morning, and hear what T. C.'s got to say? My head just goes round trying to think about it."

V

IN THE Principal's office at the Academy, the teachers sat, trying to appear unconcerned, but watching Timothy and Mr. Dewey with excited eyes.

Timothy had just finished reading aloud the terms of the bequest. Now he laid the paper down and looked at his staff.

He said, "I called this faculty meeting to make sure that all of you understand the question which faces us. The one point I want to make clear is that no pressure will be put on any member of the staff. You are all quite free to take any stand you think right or, if you prefer, to take no stand at all."

As he said this, he looked compassionately at old Miss Benson, who naturally could see nothing in the news but

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a threat to her poor earning capacity.

Peter Dryden spoke at once, matter-of-fact, unimaginative, honest—"I know I wouldn't stand a chance of being kept on if there was money enough to hire a sure-enough athletic coach—let alone the dropping of the only subjects I know how to teach. But that's not the reason I'm with you, Mr. Hulme. And I am, a hundred per cent. I wouldn't want to have my children shut out of a school that's really, no matter what its status is legally, a public school, because I belong to the Presbyterian Church, or because one of my grandfathers was a Welshman. So count on me, Mr. Hulme."

Miss Lane rose and stood quietly, her capable hands folded and resting on the comfortable bulge before her waistline. "I never did like Jews," she said flatly. "But I don't like the Irish either. Nor the French-Canadians. And I've always been glad that I don't live in the South where I'd have to have colored people around." She stopped, took a look at what she had said, smiled dryly, and gave her statement the twist that made it a satire on herself, "I guess the fact is, what I'd *like* would be to have nobody but New England folks around. And mostly Vermonters at that. But my goodness, I can't abide magenta. But I wouldn't vote for a law forbidding women from wearing it. I think Mr. Wheaton's conditions are simply horrid. If it depends on me, I wouldn't touch his money with a ten-foot pole."

From his seat old Henry Dale said palely, "I'll have to think it over before I come to a decision." They all knew he meant "talk it over with my wife and find out what her decision is."

"Oh yes, yes," said Timothy quickly. "We've a full month before us. No need for anybody to make a decision without thinking it over."

The two other older teachers had no chance to say anything at all, for at this point young Bowen took the floor. "I don't need a month. The question is perfectly plain to me at a glance." He paused, looked hard at the Principal.

Timothy was surprised at the vehemence of the young teacher's voice, but instantly realized it was stupid of him to be surprised. For Bowen, just out of Yale and with the cocksureness of the recent college graduate, had always managed to imply that the Academy was in his opinion a backwoods hick school. Timothy listened more carefully as Bowen went on.

"It's all very well to say we are left 'free to take any stand we like,' Mr. Hulme, with you and Mr. Dewey breathing out fire and brimstone. But I'll take advantage of your kind permission to have an opinion of my own and say that I feel the intelligent thing to do is to take advantage of this remarkable opportunity to make an enormous improvement in the brand of education being offered at the Academy—I suppose even you and Mr. Dewey would admit that it could stand improving?—rather than to use the occasion for a rhetorical protest against a tendency of modern Europe that is none of Clifford's concern. Why . . .," he put the question ironically, "why all this sudden fury against Jew-baiting? I've never noticed that you or Mr. Dewey made the welkin ring in protest against what's done to sharecroppers in this country—or coal miners."

Timothy thought, "He has another position somewhere else with better pay, assured for next year," but he said, "Don't you see, Mr. Bowen, the point of the strange situation in which we find ourselves is that we here have been singled out and publicly asked not only to give collectively a public endorsement of a great and shameful wrong being carried on in our period of history, but to pledge ourselves to help perpetuate it for all time? I assure you that if a large endowment were offered to the Academy on condition that we formally pledge ourselves to endorse and help perpetuate whatever the features of our economic system are that keep sharecroppers and coal miners in hopeless poverty—well, you'd see Mr. Dewey and me quite as vocal against accepting it as at present."

"The terms of the will seem unusually intelligent and realistic to me, and I consider the objections to them nothing but moral hair-splitting," said young Bowen firmly. "It is cruel to indulge in threadbare liberalism at the expense of a pitifully poor school and poor town."

Mr. Dewey bounced in his chair. "Pitifully poor, hey?" he cried indignantly, shut his mouth with an effort and was silent.

The young man, paying no attention to Mr. Dewey's snort of offended pride, went on, "The poverty of the school has been really heartbreaking to me. It's the most absurd waste of human resources the way everybody has to use himself up to get what an extra nickel would buy. That energy ought to be put into teaching! And teaching carefully selected minds and personalities *worth* teaching—the future leaders of our nation—not girls with their inability to grasp ideas, not low-caste manual workers, who ask only to be ruled. I consider Mr. Wheaton's will shows a states-

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manlike grasp on reality. *Reality*, Mr. Hulme, not feeble nineteenth-century theories. To quibble over the terms of this astounding piece of good fortune, it looks to me, Mr. Hulme, like keeping a desperately sick man from getting the medicine he needs because you don't like the color of the druggist's eyes."

The morning stillness broke suddenly under the traditional, inconclusive blare of a bugle.

"Well," said Timothy, "there's the call to assembly. If nobody has anything especially to say, we'd better get on down." As the teachers rose, he held up a hand and said, "Please remember that we shall understand your position if you don't see this our way."

"Oh, yeah," said Bowen's dry, sceptical laugh as the meeting broke up to the scraping of chair legs.

VI

ALTHOUGH it was still early, the assembly room was filled. Every student was there ahead of time, and grown-ups too. A greater crowd than had ever come even to commencement, sitting upstairs in the seldom-used gallery, downstairs at the back on the bare straight-backed benches where they found some of their youth still left.

As Timothy climbed to the platform, the students burst into:

"Academy! Academy! One! Two! Three!
Clifford Academy! Here are we!
Some say HAW! Some say GEE!
We say the best ever
Is old T. C.!"

Timothy smiled and, walking to the front of the platform, said, "Our town and our school have suddenly been called out from the quiet and peace where they've lived so long to answer a question of life-and-death importance to those who believe in the American principle of equal opportunity for all. The future of our town and of our school depends on the answer we will make at the election of the new trustee a month from now. Mr. Dewey and I have planned to talk about how it looks to us at this Assembly, and we're very glad to see so many Clifford citizens here in addition to the students."

He paused, looking at the audience, then said, "Perhaps the best place to begin is at the beginning, eight years ago, when we elected Mr. Wheaton as a trustee of the Academy. I was one of those who voted for him, and I imagine my reason for it was like that of the others who voted the same way—that he had a great deal of money. We none of us knew more than that about him, did we? I hadn't any idea whether he wanted our Clifford young people to have the best education our town could give them. I'm afraid we all just thought that if we elected a rich man as one of our trustees, we could get some money out of him. And using our votes that way, the wrong way, has brought on us a great temptation—many people are saying too great for us to resist—to do wrong again, this time a wrong we could never set right. Here are the terms of the bequest."

He read aloud slowly then, with pauses between the sentences, the letter from Mr. Wheaton's lawyer. "We are offered one million for endowment and two hundred thousand for buildings, on three conditions: one," he drew a long breath, "that the Academy bind itself never to admit to its classes or to give any education to a Jewish student, the word Jewish being defined as applying to any person with any relatives with Jewish blood." He stopped to breathe again. "Two, that the name be changed to the George Wheaton *Preparatory* School." He laid the emphasis on the word preparatory. "Three, that the tuition fee for day students be raised to not less than $250 a year, but, so the clause in the will reads, 'always making generous provision for scholarships for needy Clifford youth,' and the fee for boarding students to be not less than one thousand dollars a year." After letting this sink in, he added more rapidly, "A quarter of a million more either for buildings or endowment is offered if girls are excluded from the student body, but this is not made a condition for obtaining the bequest."

"I think now," said Timothy, putting the letter into his coat pocket, and speaking in a level voice, "that probably this will had been drawn in June, when I last saw Mr. Wheaton in New York. But of course I had no idea of it then, and I could not understand some things Mr. Wheaton said about the Academy budget. He objected to the salaries of the teachers of domestic science, and of agriculture and manual training, because those subjects are not part of preparation for college. I reminded him that a majority of our students do not go on to college. He told me he thought that if the Academy would concentrate on those who have money enough to attend college, we would have what he called a much better class of students, meaning by that, I understood, students from families with more money. This, I suppose, explains his wish to have the name changed, not only, you'll notice, to have his own name part of it, but to have the Academy called a *preparatory* school. He spoke on that same day of his wish to exclude girls, giving it as his opinion that we could never induce gentlemen's sons to come here as students, as long as they were obliged to associate with girls in classes."

He paused a moment, to give his words time to sink in, then went on. "On that day last June, Mr. Wheaton also repeated what he had said many times, that he would like the Academy to stop opening its doors to children of all our citizens, as was the expressed purpose of the Clifford men who founded it." Pause. "He often expressed the idea that only by exclusiveness can a school attain a high standing. By exclusiveness he meant keeping out some students, not because of any fault in them, but because their parents were poor, or because their parents belonged to a race he did not like." Pause. "He had his will carefully drawn, as you see, to try to make sure his ideas for the Academy's future should be realized:—first, that it should be as exclusive as possible for young people with money enough to go on to college." Pause. "Secondly, that it should turn its back on the purpose for which Clifford people founded it—the education of young people with brains enough to profit by what it has to offer and character enough to take advantage of an opportunity for schooling, *on their own merits*, without regard to what their parents may or may not have been."

His pause here was long. The silence was crackling with tensity. People gazed up at his grimly serious face, unwinkingly attentive. He went on, "And now Mr. Dewey has something he wants to say to you. My part in this meeting was to make the terms of Mr. Wheaton's will clear to you all, not only the wording but the real meaning. So I won't take any more time now than to say . . ."

He had begun quietly, but in the three or four minutes he had been speaking, his voice had deepened and taken on a biting edge. Now, suddenly, as he took a long impulsive step to the very edge of the platform, it blared out beyond his control in the peremptory drill-sergeant's trumpeting with which they had all heard him put down disorder, ". . . that I hope you all know without my telling you what *my* opinion of this is. I consider it an insult to the self-respecting, independent citizens of an American town! I consider it an attempt to bribe us to betray the principles on which our country was founded. I shall vote for a trustee who will stand with Mr. Dewey in refusing this bribe.

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And if it is accepted, I shall resign."

Leaving the clangor of his voice reverberating like a struck gong, he turned and walked back to his seat.

There was an instant's stunned silence, broken first by a high, astonished crow of delight from Canby, "Atta boy, T. C.!" and then by a wild roll of hand-clapping from the audience.

Timothy did not hear it. He was incapable of any sensation but the exultation which his own last words had given him. He had not expected it. He had not meant to end with any such explosion. Vitality from deep within him, pent up for lack of greatness and danger outside to call it forth emotionally, had rushed from him like a tide. He sank down on his chair and, before he came to himself, knew a moment of profound, appeased satisfaction almost physical in its completeness.

Mr. Dewey stood up and moved stiffly to the front of the platform, motioning to silence the lingering applause. He said, "I've lived in this town for seventy-four years, so you all know where *I* stand without my telling you. You know I'm as mad as a hornet. And I bet you are too. Why wouldn't we be? Why should somebody think he's a-goin' to tell us how to run our business, just because he's got a great lot of money? I don't know what makes me the maddest —his idea that he can bribe us to eat dirt from now to the end of time just so's to carry on a spite of his. Or his saying that he wants 'provision' made for 'needy' Clifford youth. 'Needy,' hey? That means every last one of us if the tuition fee is raised according to *his* say-so. The hull town'd be on the pauper list when it came to payin' our own way in our own school. But there! I'm talkin' about what there's no need to say. We ain't a-goin' to label ourselves too poor to pay for our children's schoolin', come election day a month from now; and we're not a-goin' to vote against the American principles we were raised on—if we did, the Clifford men out in the cemetery, who fought for the freedom of folks of a different race from ours and died for it, some of 'em would rise up from their graves. But we won't. I ain't afraid of that. Everybody in this room, man or woman, has taken the Freeman's oath, and every boy and girl here is a-goin' to take it. When you take that oath, you swear to defend the Constitution of the State of Vermont against all attacks. Here is the first attack ever made on it, and on the spirit of it, in our lifetime. Our great-grandfathers, the Green Mountain Boys, had to take down the long rifle from over the fireplace to defend themselves against the attack on them. All we've got to do is to get out our pencils and mark X on the right ballot."

As Mr. Dewey sat down, applause broke out, and then the students gave his own special yell of, "Dewey! Dewey! Rah! Rah! Rah!" Were they, Timothy wondered, applauding what he said, or the old man himself?

As soon as it was quiet, Timothy said, "You've heard how this situation looks to Mr. Dewey and me. But some folks don't see it as we do. Mr. Bowen, our science teacher, has quite a different idea about what's the right thing to do. And I think it would be a good idea for him to tell us about it."

Bowen looked astonished, gasped a little. But he nodded his head gamely and climbed to the platform.

Timothy admired the courage with which the young man took his challenge to speak, admired the firmness with which he walked (*continued on page* 56)

Life in the U. S. . . Photographic

(*see page 28*)

1. OASIS, by Irving Rusinow, 103 Second Avenue, Newark, New Jersey. This print is from the Santa Cruz Valley study done by Mr. Rusinow. Photographed with a 5 x 7 view camera, Gundlach 8¼" triple convertible lens. Eastman Portrait Pan film.

2. QUEEN OF THE FLOCK, by Ruth Bernhard, Studio 645, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York. Sheep raising is one of the leading New Mexican industries. This interesting close-up of one of them was made with a 2¼ x 3¼ Ruby Reflex, 4.5 Cook lens. Exposure 1/50 sec. at f16. Eastman Super Pan film. K-2 filter.

3. PENITENTE CHURCH, by Ernest Knee, Box 801, Santa Fe, New Mexico. This isolated desert church is between Santa Fe and Taos. The churches are rarely used by the Penitentes except during Easter week. Taken with a 8 x 10 Agfa View, 14¼" Goerz Double anastigmat lens. Exposure 1/5 sec. at f64. Agfa Supersensitive Panchromatic film. K-2 filter.

4. FIESTA DAY, by Margaret McKittrick, Box 114, Santa Fe, New Mexico. This is a typical New Mexican scene on one of the many fiesta days. A Rolleiflex camera was used, Zeiss Tessar lens. Weston Exposure Meter Reading. Ultra Violet filter.

5. SAND DUNES, by Wyatt Davis, c/o Loder Photographs, 851 First Avenue, New York. In this section of New Mexico near Alamogordo the white sands are a deposit of pure gypsum grains formed by the slow evaporation of underground water. The sand is blown into dunes covering 270 square miles. Taken with an Ansco View camera, Goerz Dagor 12" lens. Exposure 1/50 sec. at f11. Defenders Fine Grain Pan film.

6. NAVAJO GIRL, by Walter Herdeg, c/o Black Star Publishing Co., 420 Lexington Avenue, New York. Photographed near Gallup, New Mexico, with a Plaubel Makina camera, lens f3.5. Exposure 1/100 sec. at f11.

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With the recording of Deems Taylor's delightful *Through the Looking Glass* suite the Columbia Phonograph Company makes another of its infrequent excursions into the field of American orchestras. Previous experiments during the past six years with the Boston Symphony (Roy Harris' *Symphony: 1933*), the St. Louis Symphony (works by Tansman and Haydn), and the Wallenstein Simfonietta (a symphony and overture of Mozart) were, from the technical standpoint, far from satisfactory. This time, however, conditions were highly favorable, and the Columbia Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Howard Barlow, was recorded with unusual perspicuity. Members of the Columbia Broadcasting System's engineering and production staffs collaborated with the recording company, and the composer himself was present to supervise the registration. But equally important, I believe, was the selection of Liederkranz Hall, a CBS studio in Manhattan whose acoustical qualities, noted in "Everybody's Music" and other CBS symphonic programs, are practically ideal for orchestral broadcasting and recording.

Columbia is to be congratulated on its choice of *Through the Looking Glass* to inaugurate what I sincerely hope will prove to be a long series of recordings by the Columbia Symphony Orchestra. Just why this imaginative suite should have been overlooked by other recording orchestras during the past ten years is something of a mystery. It is one of the most engaging works by an American composer. Well, whatever the reasons for its neglect by the conductors whose names end with *i* and *y*, it doesn't matter now. The present recording is convincing proof of Mr. Taylor's unique talents. Those who know him only by his delightfully informal Sunday-afternoon discourses during the intermission period of the Philharmonic-Symphony broadcasts and by his entertaining and penetrating essays, *Of Men and Music*, will find *Through the Looking Glass* as ingenious and witty. Which is to say that Mr. Taylor's tonal characterizations of five unforgettable episodes from Lewis Carroll's delicious fantasy are wholly successful and make unusually rewarding listening.

There is a tender introduction, mirroring Carroll's poetic *Dedication*. Then the conversation of the Tiger Lily and Alice in *The Garden of Flowers*, followed by a remarkable account of the *Jabberwocky*, in which the clarinet cleverly describes how " 'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves did gyre and gimble in the wabe," and a bassoon impersonates the Jabberwock, who is killed when the hero's "vorpal blade" ("really a xylophone," Mr. Taylor explains) goes "snicker-snack."

Next the droning insect world—the bread-and-butter fly that lived on weak tea with cream in it. And, in conclusion, *The White Knight*, in which that toy Don Quixote who carried a mousetrap on his saddlebow is represented by two themes: the first, described by the composer as "a sort of instrumental prance, being the Knight's own conception of himself as a slashing, daredevil fellow," and the second as "bland, mellifluous, a little sentimental—much more like the Knight as he really was."

Needless to say, Mr. Barlow's interpretation is in full accord with the composer's intentions. The recording, due mainly to the excellent acoustics, has a fine clarity. The bass response is splendid, particularly in conveying the true timbre of tympani, string bass, and bassoon. In the future I hope Columbia engineers will give a little more prominence to the high frequencies. The response in this range is weak, especially noticeable in the timid projection of the "snicker-snack" motive and the top notes of the flute. Also, the monitoring of *fortissimo* passages need not be as excessive as that, for example, at the beginning of the last record side and, again, just before the end. If the engineers from CBS think it necessary to bring radio habits to the recording room, I need only recommend that they familiarize themselves with the dynamic ranges obtained in recent recordings of

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the Boston, Philadelphia, and New York Philharmonic - Symphony Orchestras. But all such caviling aside. Everyone should make the acquaintance of *Through the Looking Glass*. Deems Taylor has an uncanny knack with melodies and instruments of describing some of the strange things Alice found there (Columbia set No. 350).

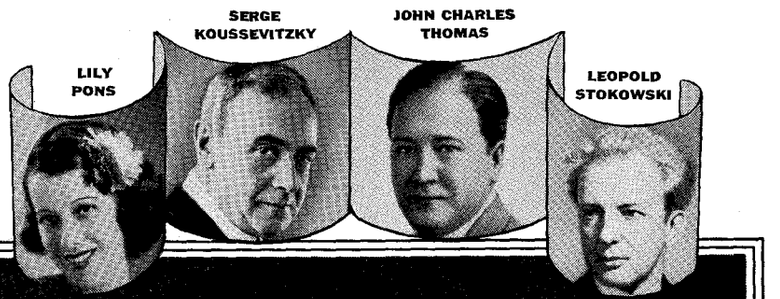
*

Three huge tomes covering the whole field of music alphabetically is, for a single season, a real embarrassment of riches. Uninformed purchasers may find quite a problem presenting itself when a choice must be made from among *The Oxford Companion to Music* (1091 pages), completely written by Percy A. Scholes (Oxford, $6.50), *The International Cyclopedia of Music and Musicians* (2287 pages), edited by Oscar Thompson (Dodd, Mead, $12.50), and *The Macmillan Encyclopedia of Music and Musicians* (2089 pages), edited by Albert E. Wier (Macmillan, $10).

Mr. Wier's book, in the face of the above competition, has little to recommend it. It is obviously the work of a staff of anonymous writers who in too many instances have gone to poor sources for their information. It also shows signs of having been hastily thrown together.

For the average listener and non-professional musician Mr. Scholes' volume is beyond doubt the most desirable. This well-known English educator writes with fluency and wit, and his wonderfully condensed and thoroughly cross-referenced text is illuminated by a large number of ingeniously chosen illustrations. Half the size of the other dictionaries, it contains practically everything you would expect to find in a book of this sort.

The list of musical authorities who have checked Mr. Scholes' papers on various subjects is almost as impressive as the list of contributors to Mr. Thompson's cyclopedia. In the latter volume you can read Harvey Grace on Purcell, the late W. J. Henderson on Brahms, Lincoln Kirstein on "Ballet and Music," E. J. Dent on Palestrina, M. D. Calvocoressi on Moussorgsky, Ernest Newman on Bach and Hugo Wolf, and such indisputable authorities as the late Richard Aldrich on "Program Music," Philip James on "Orchestration," and R. D. Darrell on "Recorded Music." *The International Cyclopedia* is a scholarly work, and with its emphasis on Americanism, it is indispensable to all for whom music is something more than an avocation. —RICHARD GILBERT



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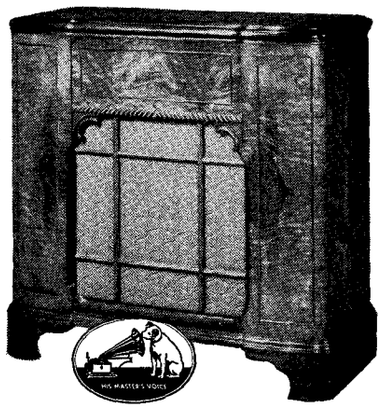

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Answers to "Bethlehem Quiz"

(See page 41)

1. (b) Manganese. When manganese is used as an alloy in steel, it increases the strength of the steel in its natural or "as rolled" condition and improves the combination of strength and ductility after heat treatment.

2. (d) John Berkeley.

3. (d) Calvin Coolidge. Located near Northampton, the bridge is named in honor of that city's most famous citizen.

4. (e) Molybdenum.

5. (c) By machine-cutting and heading from coils of wire.

6. (d) Farms and ranches.

7. (b) Form of iron ore.

8. (b) Compass. The compass is affected by the presence of iron ore in the ground.

9. (c) George Fritz. He conceived the first blooming mill for rolling ingots down to blooms, the hydraulic manipulator for turning over and moving the ingots and the mechanical driving of rollers in the mill tables.

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Wines, Spirits, and Good Living

The Old-fashioned stripped of superfluities . . . Mironton de Boeuf, a rich stew of beef and red wine . . . three recipes for brandy cocktails

THERE'S A SCRIBNER'S reader in Chicago who voices a strong protest against the Old-fashioned cocktail as it is now being mixed by bartenders of the post-repeal school. The drink, he writes, is being made with every type of whiskey, and so many trimmings are being added that it looks more like a fruit cup than a beverage. Whereupon I am asked to state definitely just how—and with what—the drink should be made.

The first myth which it is necessary to destroy in regard to the Old-fashioned is that only one type of whiskey may be used as its base. Its very name, as a matter of fact, disproves that claim, indicative as it is of the old-fashioned way of making a cocktail. Fine old bonded ryes are, of course, magnificent, and so are the blends for those who prefer them. Bourbon, too, may be used to advantage, and so may Scotch and Irish. Indeed, the latter two are enjoying right now a remarkable wave of popularity in the cafés and bars of New York.

The question of "trimmings" remains to be settled, and there the whole world seems to be in disagreement. Fruit there must be in the drink, but just how much and which? Every newcomer to the barmen's ranks seems to think up some additional touch which, as a matter of fact, adds nothing at all to the taste, although it may at times improve the appearance. With a slice of orange and a zest of lemon peel as necessary adjuncts to the priceless ingredient, fancy has roamed to the extent of adding to the citrus fruit slices of pineapple, maraschino cherries, and even grapefruit!

There is only one way to make an Old-fashioned whiskey cocktail, to my way of thinking, and here it is:

1. Muddle (or dissolve) one lump of sugar in a few drops of water poured into the standard Old-fashioned glass, then add:

2. Three drops of angostura bitters.

3. A good drink (at least two oz.) of rye, bourbon, Scotch, or Irish.

4. A lump of ice, a half-slice (thin) of orange, and a twist of lemon peel.

Next is a request from a Middle Western reader for the right wine to serve with the good old American dish of corned beef and cabbage. The answer is simple enough: no wine at all, but a glass of fine, foaming beer.

The list of food dishes which are made better by a glass of good wine is unending, but neither good taste nor charm are added by wine to a dish of corned beef and cabbage. Be it "aristocratic" or "ordinary," wine is out of place there and does not taste good. Whereas, beer—why, there's nothing better to be had.

Having thus settled two drinking

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questions, here is another food recipe to be added to our collection of worthwhile dishes. This time it is for a beef stew made with red wine which will make your mouth water. And remember that any good domestic wine—if wine it really is—will serve the purpose just as well as the best foreign vintage.

MIRONTON DE BŒUF

Cut two pounds of tender stewing beef without bone or fat into squares about one and one-half inches thick, and stew gently for about an hour until almost tender. Remove from sauce pot and make sauce as follows:

Melt a large lump of butter. Add flour and brown well. Add two and one-half cups of the broth from the meat. Allow to boil well, and add a cup and one-half of good red wine. Season with salt and pepper and add one-half pound of onions peeled and cut into pieces.

Return the meat to the sauce pot with a bouquet of parsley, thyme, and bay leaf, as well as a handful of mushrooms.

Allow to simmer one-half hour, and, after straining the sauce with or without the onions, serve in a deep platter with a border of dry, flaky rice.

Ask Mr. Fougner

Followers of this department have requested recipes for brandy cocktails. Here are three I heartily recommend:

BUCKINGHAM

Two parts of brandy and one of French vermouth, to which are added two dashes of Grand Marnier.

DELMONICO

Two parts of brandy and one of Italian vermouth, to which is added a dash of bitters.

KEATS SPEED

One-half brandy
One-fourth maraschino
One-fourth French vermouth

*

QUESTION: Will you please explain the meanings of the marks VO, VSO, and VSOP appearing on brandy bottles?

ANSWER: The meaning of the letters appearing on cognac brandy bottles is as follows: "VO," "very old"; "VSO," "very superior old"; and "VSOP," "very superior old pale."

QUESTION: Is sparkling red Burgundy customarily used by French natives and does it regularly appear on wine lists of restaurants in France catering to French people?

ANSWER: Sparkling Burgundy is not a popular drink in France. It was created chiefly to meet a foreign demand and appears on wine lists in expensive restaurants only.

—G. SELMER FOUGNER

Books

Novels: 539 and 1939 . . . drama critics' drama . . . biography behind scenes . . . the best mysteries of the month

Fiction

The historical novelist who sets out with the desire to prove that the past was like the present almost always proves too much: that is, not enough. He looks into the past chiefly for parallels with the present, and so finds the past, somehow, less than itself. But he cannot make it seem substantial without making it seem specific. He must make that remote world live in its own form and color before he can compare it with the living world. Whatever likenesses there may be will come to light only after his past has been reconstructed, more or less disinterestedly for its own sake.

This is the method of Robert Graves, whose *I, Claudius* and *Claudius the God* have set a new standard for novels dealing with the days and persons of imperial Rome. In his *Count Belisarius* (Random House, $3) Mr. Graves turns to the Eastern Empire in the sixth century and deals with the reign of Justinian and the deeds of his great general. It was one of the most complex ages in history, passionately divided (not unlike the present age) between cumbersome old laws and a new code, between paganism and Christianity, between orthodoxy and heresy, between the Empire and its Persian, Vandal, and Ostrogoth enemies. Mr. Graves, though doing what can be done to bring these dusty, dark quarrels to life, has centered his narrative in the career of Belisarius, who led Justinian's armies and in the end was destroyed by Justinian's jealousy. The book is a solid chronicle of wars, complicated by the intrigues of Belisarius's wife Antonina and the Empress Theodora, and enlivened with fresh pictures of that panoramic time. Mr. Graves has done for Belisarius in fiction what Gibbon did for him in history.

In a sense, Louis Aragon's *Residential Quarter* (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50) is historical too, though it goes no further back than to the years immediately before the World War. It is his account of the bitter confusion of parties in France through the national and international crises of 1911–13. Underlying it is the growing movement toward solidarity which was to culminate in the postwar People's Front, to which Mr. Aragon has lately given his brilliant talent. Out of what seemed confusing enough in 1911–13, and in most memories still seems confusing, he reconstructs what he believes to have been the essential tendency. He explains today by analyzing yesterday. In addition to his analysis his book contains a whole multitude of persons and incidents, sharply drawn and naturally interwoven in a large and exciting design.

Three recent American novels contribute each in its own way to the reinterpretation of American life, changing as we watch it. E. Garside's *Cranberry Red* (Little, Brown, $2.50) takes us to the bogs and canneries of Cape Cod, among muddled people engaged in violent actions which are little like the quaint doings of most of the characters of Cape Cod fiction. The novel has striking passages, but does not make a very convincing impact as a whole. Edwin Corle's *Burro Alley* (Random House, $2.50) is the history of a single night in a town on the edge of the New Mexican desert. Most of the events take place in hotels, bars, and night clubs, where natives of the town mix with chance-met tourists. The story employs the method of *Grand Hotel*, with its rapid record of many lives involved for a few hours by ironic accident. Anything, it appears, can happen where foot-loose tourists congregate. Max Miller's *A Stranger Came to Port* (Reynal & Hitchcock, $2) seems to me the best of these three novels. It is the fresh, clear, and direct story of a Minneapolis manufacturer who, bored with his existence, has simply left it behind him to live under another name for a happy year on a houseboat in a Southern California port (San Diego?). Mr. Miller thinks of Hardson as having escaped not from life but to it, as many men would like to do if they had the courage. A kind of vernacular Thoreau tells another story of a different Walden. —CARL VAN DOREN

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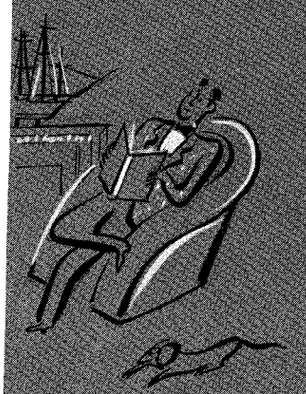

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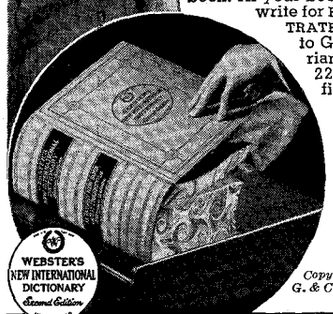

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Stage

Because most plays are, in the nature of things, bad and the reviewer is bound to say so, there has grown a curious legend that dramatic critics hate the drama. The truth is, of course, that any man who will sit night after night before the footlights, enduring vast amounts of rubbish, just in the hope that he may come upon an occasional masterpiece, is not only an incurable romantic but a doting lover of the theater.

It is doubtful if so cherished a popular image as that of the critic as drama-hating ogre can ever be destroyed, but if anything could kill it, such books as John Mason Brown's *Two on the Aisle* (Norton, $2.75), with the subtitle of "Ten Years of the American Theater in Performance," and John Anderson's *The American Theater* (Dial, $5) would do the job. Mr. Brown, when he is not darting about the country on lecture-tour bent, is the drama critic of the New York *Evening Post;* Mr. Anderson is the critic of the New York *Journal-American*. Both of them are among the most biting and sardonic, as they are among the most enlivening and perceptive, of the drama's reviewers; both of them are capable of the sort of scorchingly contemptuous invective that destroys playwrights and shrivels their plays. Yet one thing their books have in common—a great, passionate, and all-abiding love for the theater, a love that cries out for perfection. Mr. Brown's book is a collection of his newspaper reviews, Mr. Anderson's is a concise history of the American stage. They differ greatly in viewpoint, subject matter, and approach, but when it comes to a priestlike devotion to the theater they are as brothers.

In at least one respect Mr. Brown has the advantage of Mr. Anderson. His is a solo performance, keen, judicial, provocative. But Mr. Anderson is not permitted to appear alone. He must share his handsomely printed book with a shallow and outmoded section on the films by Rene Fülop-Miller, who is more comfortable when he is writing about Rasputin, and a collection of photographs, which, although excellent in themselves, are thrown together with a lack of editorial skill suggesting that they were used simply because they happended to be on hand.

—Richard Watts, Jr.

Biography

The delightsome reading of biography offers no pleasure keener than that of making new friends through old. Wherefore, your midwinter introductions in the library may start comfortably enough with Richard T. Ely. You probably were one of the students who, in thirty years, have consumed 315,000 copies of his *Outlines of Economics*. Now, if you please, you may know him personally through his autobiography, *Ground Under Our Feet* (Macmillan, $3), which is precisely such a book as a professor emeritus of Wisconsin and of Northwestern should write. It is dignified, simple, solid, and rich in an undertone of amusement that the young economic rebels who are pronouncing their scornful orations over the grave of *laissez faire* should forget that the job had been done for them by Dr. Ely and his school before the Mark Antonys of collectivism or co-operation had finished that same *Outlines of Economics*.

Professor Ely was beginning his junior year at Columbia, in September, 1874, when Farmer Sullivan excused himself from the friends who were helping him raise a barn on his Pottstown farm. As they asked him why, he had to admit that he was going to the store to buy a cake of Castile soap with which to wash the baby who was about to be born. "If it's a boy," said Mark Hughes, "name him after me." Now the namesake, Mark Sullivan, rounding half a century as a newspaperman, indulges in a full-dress autobiography, *The Education of an American* (Doubleday, Doran, $3.50)—a chatty book that brings one to the end of the famous Collier-Hapgood friendship, with the hint of more to follow. If, from Mark Sullivan in 1912, you care to go back again to the time when his father came to America from Ireland in the early 1840's, you are at the date of the climax in the second courtship of *Young Longfellow*. Concerning him, Lawrence Thompson has written a thoughtful and finely executed biography (Macmillan, $4.50), a study of the intellectual adolescence of New England, a clear and vivid picture of a poet who, in those days, "indiscreetly dared to assume the rôle of a pale American Byron." It's capitally done in every way and it shows a love that might justify a comparison of the grand passion of Longfellow with that of Robert Browning, which is set forth in a startling new fashion by Jeanette Marks in *The Family of the Barrett,* (Macmillan, $5). Digging deeply in the colonial archives of Jamaica, Miss Marks found the forgotten, broad way of the Barretts which crossed the trail of the cobbler Tittles, from whom Robert Browning was sprung. It is an en-

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—Douglas Southall Freeman

Mysteries

Early winter is something of a closed season for literary homicides, but this year several very competent murderers have disregarded the game laws.

For instance, *The Bigger They Come*, by A. A. Fair (Morrow, $2), is a tough, outspoken tale in the Hammett manner, but with copious excellencies peculiarly its own. The hero is a wiry little law student turned private detective, and there are two characters—a gangster and the redoubtable Mrs. Cool—who seem to have stepped straight out of Dickens. We have two murders, a nicely sadistic torture scene, some highly seasoned *passages d'amour*, and a plot that hinges on an amazing legal quirk that the hero has unearthed in true Randolph-Mason fashion. It is pretty early to pick the best crime thriller of the year, but I doubt if there will be many better, and any livelier, than this one.

Four Frightened Women, by George Harmon Coxe (Knopf, $2), is another tough baby. Kent Murdock, newspaper photographer, sets out to make some shots of a radio star, and runs into an unholy mess of murder, blackmail, kidnaping, and general thuggery. A bevy of luxuriant females, with and without drapery, decorate the landscape; and one of them is murdered in circumstances so compromising to Mr. Murdock that he exits by a window with the speed of light. The radio luminary is likewise killed while Murdock is again having a nocturnal *tête-à-tête* with a lovely lady. In short, there are tall goings-on. Fortunately, all the lush overtones cannot conceal a great deal of good deduction that leads to a conclusion that is explosive in more ways than one.

College campuses and murders seem strangely antipathetic. Yet, assuming that crime will raise its ugly head in the most dignified of cloistered halls, *Death and the Maiden*, by Q. Patrick (Simon & Schuster, $2), is a praiseworthy job. Two girls meet sticky ends—one in a lonely quarry, the other in a garden pool—and the identity of the slayer, as finally divulged, comes as a complete—and somewhat unpleasant—surprise. But the college atmosphere is authentically portrayed, and the plot is shrewdly developed.

—S. S. Van Dine

Seasoned Timber

(continued from page 47)

to the front of the platform, his face pale, but his step steady.

"This is no time to be mealy-mouthed," Bowen began, "so Mr. Dewey'll have to let me say that he's at the end of his life, almost; you youngsters are at the beginning of yours. It's easy for him to suggest sacrifices for you to make, that won't cost him anything. Let me tell you something—the sacrifice he wants you to make is more than you can afford to make, more than's fair to ask you to make. There's no sense to it! It's like asking you to starve for the rest of your lives, as a protest against an unjust law in Borneo. Why should you lose your chance for a decent education and a decent living because somebody tells you that somebody on the other side of the globe isn't being treated right? You yourselves aren't being treated right, here in Clifford, here in the Academy. Why not start with your own needs?"

He described his first impressions of the school and of Clifford life, his shocked incredulity at the poor equipment of the Academy, at the penny-pinching economies necessary to make both ends meet. "You young people don't *know* at what a terrible unfair disadvantage your poor school puts you when you go out and try to make your livings in competition with other boys and girls who have had good schooling. You don't know it, and Mr. Dewey and Mr. Hulme won't tell you—but I will. What it means is that you don't have a fair chance. Now this piece of good luck will give you a fair chance. Don't let yourselves be stampeded into throwing it away."

He sat down. Timothy set the example of applause. He was thinking, "That fellow's got backbone." He realized now that it was a conviction—and he knew what conviction—behind Bowen's stand. "But he's all mixed up

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on their doctrine! He hasn't got the lingo straight," thought Timothy with an inward smile, as he applauded. "He'll have to read up a lot more before he can really pound out the goose step . . ."

Timothy got to his feet and started to speak; somebody called, "Hold on there a minute, Professor Hulme."

Timothy looked to the back of the room and saw a man standing up in the aisle there. It was Dr. Foote.

"Do you want to come up here, Doctor?" Timothy asked.

"No, thank you, sir," Dr. Foote answered in his Caledonia County twang. "All I've got to say is that I absolutely agree with you and Mr. Dewey. I've lived in Clifford a good many years, and I'd be ashamed to keep on living here if the town takes this bribe to go against its principles. I'm going to offer myself as candidate for trustee. If I'm elected, I shall vote not to accept the money. And I hope to be elected."

The crowd recovered from the shock of this unexpected development and began to stomp and applaud. But before the noise had begun to recede, another figure popped up in the front row of the gallery. Timothy recognized Pete Gardner, proprietor of Clifford's biggest hardware and grocery store, and motioned for silence.

"I'm not a speechmaker," said Mr. Gardner, "but I'm a businessman, and if we ever needed to be practical, now's the time. Seems to me, we'd be fools to turn down this chance. Think what it'll mean to our kids and to our business. I'm saying now that I'm running for trustee, and you all know which way I'll vote if I'm elected."

The applause which followed might have been louder than that which Dr. Foote received, and again it might not—Timothy couldn't tell.

He said, "Does anyone else have something to say before we adjourn?"

In the middle of the room a tall, gangling schoolboy stood up, his face wax-pale. His teeth were chattering with emotion so that at first he could not finish a sentence. He said, "Professor Hulme, I just want to s-say . . . I'd ra-rather . . . I just *love* it here but . . . I never thought I could like *any* place so much but I'd ra-rather—" He caught his breath, steadied himself against the back of the seat in front of him, and said rapidly, "I'd rather go away and never come back, never, and so would Rosie Bernstein and the Hemmerling boys and—we all feel just the same way—than s-stand in the way of the Academy now." The boy sat down, his face deeply flushed.

Timothy joined with all his might in the hand-clapping. When it died down he said, "Jules, I'm ashamed. Everybody here is ashamed. This hasn't got anything to do with you and Rosie and Otto and Ed. It's a thousand times more important than anything that could happen to any one person. The meeting is adjourned."

VII

One day of hurrying, straining effort succeeded another. There were reporters to be seen, voters to be visited, and endless bulletins and circular letters to be written and distributed.

These statements, signed by Timothy, or Mr. Dewey, or Dr. Foote, and occasionally by someone else willing to do it, went as needed to Alumni in Clifford and out of town, to the Parent-Teacher Association, to the Windward County Ministers' Association, to the Rotary Club, to the Fish and Game Club, and the Catholic Daughters of America, and the Masons and the Order of the Eastern Star, to St. Andrew's Guild and to the Grange. As carefully as he knew how, Timothy wrote each one to fit the special readers to whom it was to go. Each one stated over and over again the principles at stake, took up, one by one, the arguments in the statements from their opponents and their attitude toward the Wheaton bequest as that attitude was reported by the flying squad of workers, young and old, who met in Timothy's office every evening at nine, to lay their heads together for the next day's work.

"Down at the barber shop yesterday, when I was getting my hair cut, I heard some men saying they figured taxes could be cut, with a whole lot of new buildings added to the Grand List."

*

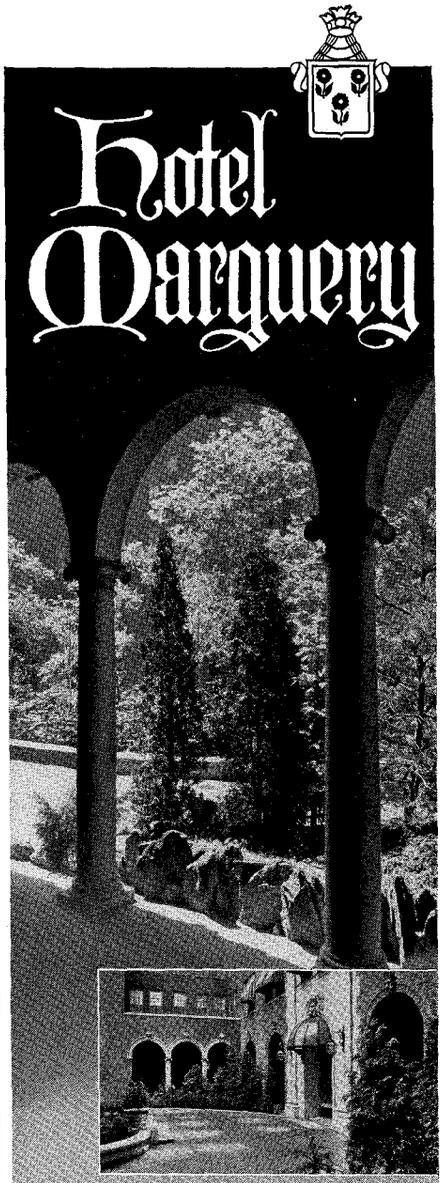
"My mother says that Mr. Hawley from The Other Side told her when he brought the eggs this morning that if Professor Hulme had children of his own to be eddicated at the 'cademy, he'd feel some different about gettin' this money to improve the school."

*

"At the last meeting of the Guild the ladies asked why ever Professor Hulme thought the 'cademy would *have* to get high-hat just because it had enough money to run on?"

*

"Reverend Harker told the Young People's Club, Sunday evening, that the best people in town are saying there's something kind of Communistic about running down somebody just because he happened to be rich, the way our side's



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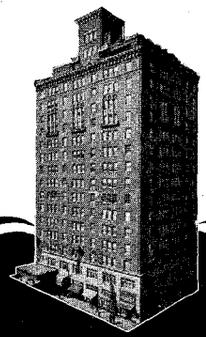

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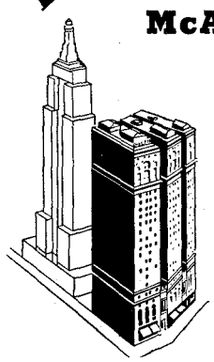

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BROADWAY AT 34th ST., NEW YORK
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been running down Mr. Wheaton."

Timothy planned his bulletins accordingly:—one on taxation to point out the elementary fact that buildings used for education pay no taxes; one with statistics of attendance at other New England academies and seminaries, showing the relation between the size of the tuition fee and the number of local students still enrolled; he went to see Mrs. Merrill, president of the Ladies' Guild, and did not leave till he had an appointment to speak at their next meeting; he made a memorandum to go with Mr. Dewey to see the Reverend Harker for a plain talk about what Mr. Wheaton's personality and ideas had been. The traditional, idiotic, and Wheaton-like bogy tales about Jews of which there was occasionally an echo, they left scornfully unanswered, trusting to Clifford common sense.

He had a rest, occasionally, from the considerable effort of writing bulletins, when the clipping bureau, to which (for the first time in his life) he had subscribed, sent him an editorial comment from the press. Most of the newspapers in the Eastern large cities had commented with bland approval at least once on the campaign being carried on in Clifford: "—sturdy old Americanism," they had said, and, "picturesque campaign going on in a country town in rural Vermont," and, "farmers in overalls and housewives in gingham asked to refuse large gift to their school as a matter of principle." But on the whole, Timothy made little use of this unimpassioned support from the outside. For one thing, Clifford people, although their vanity was as normally susceptible to praise as that of other humans, were prickly to the last degree about being told how to run their affairs; and they knew how much weight to give a perfunctory compliment from a man who, even as he talked, let his eyes wander absently over their insignificant heads, already turning in thought from their little problem to one of the important things of life. As Canby said, "It's no skin off *their* noses! Talk's cheap."

"But even lip service to an American ideal shows it's still a force," suggested Timothy.

"Nobody denies you've got the talking points on your side, Uncle Tim. But when it comes to the voting points . . ."

Both sides adopted, of course, every campaign device the other side invented as soon as it was put into use, and invented new ones of their own. The Bowen-Randall-Gardner workers, like those under Timothy's direction, also went up and down the street and back roads and highways—into offices and farms and factories and homes, paying campaign calls on voters. They too issued mimeographed bulletins and circulated them in Clifford and among the out-of-town alumni. Those bulletins were not so well written as the ones arranged by Timothy with Mr. Dewey to help him strike the accurate middle of the Clifford note. They did not need to be; the wine they offered needed no bush. Prosperity! they cried, plenty of work for all! money circulating fast, no matter what depression did to other towns! fine young bucks in white flannels and custom-made shoes carelessly handing out dollars as the present students handed out pennies! lower taxes! prestige for Clifford! rich city families moving in to town! a reservoir built to supply the town with water! a sewage system installed! money in the banks! a market for anything the farms could produce! better movies! jobs! jobs! jobs! And as for the Academy, the picture of its future drawn by Bowen was like the Promised Land—now he wrote of fine buildings, now of the wealthy clientele, now of the future alumni who would be gold mines for gifts and bequests—and then a bulletin appeared devoted entirely to explaining that all these marvelous opportunities were to be free, absolutely free, to our own people, because of the provision for scholarships for needy youth made in the will of the Academy's great benefactor. Hence, Clifford young people, it was pointed out, would profit by all this, without anybody's having to pay for it.

Mr. Dewey, himself greatly gifted with Yankee contrariness, and counting on it in his fellow townsmen, was delighted by this last bulletin. He took out copies of it with him when he went with Timothy to make house-to-house visits. He kept it out of sight when they called on those of the well-to-do people in the village who received them coldly, who sat bored, absent, hostile, impatient while they presented their case.

But as soon as they began to call on a working man or woman, Mr. Dewey got the Bowen statement out and held it in his hand. When the right moment came, he opened it, read passages from it, and asked what people with sense thought of folks who offered you a whole lot for nothing—especially when they offered it to you as pay for doing what a decent man would be ashamed to do. And this gave the opening for Timothy to say, "What'll really happen is that Clifford boys and girls will disappear from the student body and be just chambermaids and hired men

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working in the dormitories and on the grounds of the new Academy."

"But that's not the point, that's not the real point at all," he always went on. "This hasn't happened to us just by a queer chance," he told them. "It's a snarl from one wolf of the pack that's closing in on democracy everywhere. By democracy, I mean what we call Americanism. Here's Fascism, right in *our* lives, trying to buy us into endorsing one of its dirtiest ideas. Our plain old town that's just gone about its business for a hundred and seventy years—it's been picked up and set down on the front line where the fighting is. The race prejudice of that bequest is an open, shameless attempt to knock down and kick to death the principles we were brought up in and still believe in. We're put where we've got to choose between running up the white flag at the first shot, or standing fast. It's not just a question of what happens in our small community. If we surrender now, after all the talk about it, it'll be taken as a sign that Americans haven't got the stuff in them to stand fast. Now we're under fire. The question is, can *we* stand up under it? Or can't we?"

The country men and women to whom he spoke did not turn away. They listened in impassive silence, eyes bent down on the ground, or looking far into the distance. When Timothy stopped, Mr. Dewey added, as they turned to go, something brief and weighty about the danger of engaging the town to all eternity by any kind of a promise, let alone a promise that would force the Clifford children of the future to perpetuate a despicable action their grandparents had been fooled into, and ended, "Well, good day to you, Emily. Glad to have seen you, Harry."

Their interlocutor seldom said anything more to the respected Principal of the Academy than the mannerly Clifford formula of, "Well good day, Professor Hulme. Call again when you're a-goin' by." And, "I'm much obliged to you for stoppin' in, Mr. Dewey," which by the Clifford code was due to Mr. Dewey's age and his position as Moderator of Town Meeting. Going back to their car, the two visitors could see that the life they had interrupted went on as though they had not been there. The elderly woman was again stooping her ginghamed back over the cook stove; the farmer was once more trudging out to his barn, or, on the shiftlessly kept farms, was once more sitting in dreamy idleness on the end of his broken-down porch; the workman had put back the lid on his dinner pail and taken up his saw. Had all their talk and effort done more harm than good to their cause? Had it done anything at all?

Timothy suffered acutely from this entire lack of any visible responsiveness. But this Clifford folkway was native to Mr. Dewey. He understood and liked it. When Timothy permitted himself an exclamation of wrath over pouring out his heart's blood to stone walls, he explained, "Why, that's what keeps us folks from gettin' stampeded into doin' what any smart-talkin' feller tells us to. You jes' wait and see!"

VIII

GRIMLY working, gloomily convinced of failure as Timothy was, he laughed aloud like a boy that first day after Miss Peck's monument went up. The monument was a great granite boulder with an expensive bronze plaque, and it was set up in front of Miss Peck's boarding house, carefully and legally on her own land, but so close to the town-owned sidewalk and roadway that passers-by could not fail to read the inscription. From his place at the supper table Timothy could see through the open window the occasional Cliffordite who approached along the sidewalk. The reaction to the first sight of it was always the same:—a surprised slowing down of the pace, astonishment changing into curiosity, a grave approach to read the inscription with the pious Vermont reverence for reminders of the past, the moment of devout bending over to read the lines engraved on the bronze—each time this happened Timothy re-read them in imagination . . .

THIS IS THE TOWN OF
CLIFFORD
FOUNDED IN 1767
BY
BRAVE MEN WHO, CALLED TO FIGHT
AGAINST YORK STATE INVADERS,
RISKED THEIR LIVES FOR HUMAN RIGHTS
THREATENED BY A LEGAL QUIBBLE,

(So far so good. The head of the reader nodded yes in devout agreement.)

THEIR DESCENDANTS
FAITHFULLY CARRIED FORWARD
THE TRADITION OF FREEDOM
HUMAN DIGNITY AND
EQUAL OPPORTUNITY FOR ALL
HANDED DOWN TO THEM
BY THOSE HARDY FOREFATHERS
THROUGH ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY
YEARS
OF RIGOROUS HONEST LIVING, AND IN
1938
WHEN OFFERED A MILLION DOLLARS
TO BETRAY THIS TRADITION

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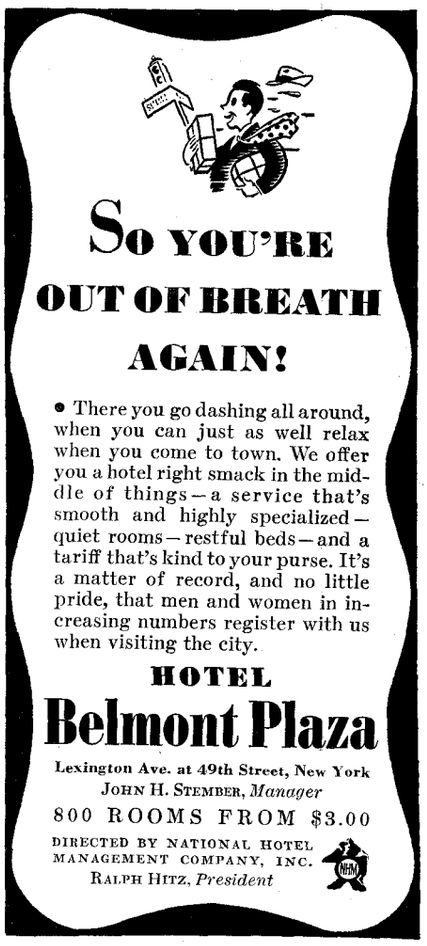
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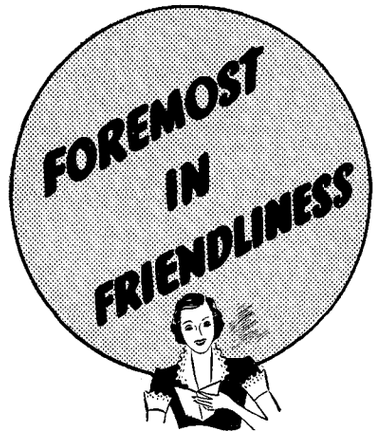

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SEVENTH AVENUE AT 31ST STREET
NEW YORK
OPPOSITE PENNSYLVANIA STATION
Robert J Glenn, Manager

THEY VOTED ON OCTOBER 16
BY A MAJORITY OF ————
TO ·———— THIS BRIBE
Et majores vestros
et posteros cogitate.
Think of your forefathers!
Think of your posterity!
(John Quincy Adams,
Speech at Plymouth
December 22, 1802.)

The first two or three times Timothy saw someone rise to Miss Peck's bait, his laugh was inward, but when Peter Gardner himself unsuspiciously stooped his rounded waistcoat, adjusted his eyeglasses to read, and stood up again, glaring around him with a red face, Timothy caught Mr. Dewey's dancing old eye and they burst into loud ha! ha's!

Old Mrs. Washburn—the star boarder at Miss Peck's, and vice-president of the Clifford D. A. R.—was incensed. "I don't think that's a nice thing to do, Miss Peck," said she, severely. "Not nice at *all*. Are you going to *leave* that thing there, the way it is?"

"Oh no," explained Miss Peck easily. "The inscription isn't completed yet. Day after election I'm going to have those blanks filled in. I've got the man engaged to cut 'reject' or 'accept,' whichever way it goes."

"Well, I don't approve of it. I can't understand Mr. Dewey and Professor Hulme! What call have we got to lose a million dollars just so we can have a few Jews in our 'cademy that nobody wants anyhow. Why should we put ourselves out for Jews? They've never done anything for us. I don't like Jews myself. I remember the Jew who used to peddle around laces and pins when I was a girl, and how he'd cheat the very eye teeth out of . . ."

"He was an Armenian Christian," remarked Miss Peck.

"Why, Miss Peck, what's got *in*to you! I never thought you'd be so rude and unkind. I don't understand you at *all*," cried Mrs. Washburn, ready to weep. "Why, you're a D. A. R. yourself."

"What I'd like to know," asked Timothy, "is where you ever got hold of Adams's quotation from Tacitus?"

"They *taught* students something at the 'cademy in my day," said Miss Peck.

IX

The pounding strain which blanched Mr. Dewey's face to ash color, and gouged into deep grooves the lines in his face, but only hammered to a yet more burnished brightness the fixity of his purpose, took another kind of toll from Timothy. There came to him hours of darkness when he lost confidence in himself and in what had always upheld his inner life. Perhaps he was—perhaps anyone was who tried to see beyond the next hour—no more than a fanatical doctrinaire, sacrificing human realities to a theory. Perhaps absence of purpose was in reality the only sane course—to do at the moment what seemed at the moment easiest to you or best for those nearest you, no matter what it meant in the next hour, or in the long run. Perhaps, as men of action felt, as the men governing Europe evidently felt, a flexible adjustment of principles, of standards, ideals — everything — to the "facts" of the hour or moment, a total abdication of any attempt to live up to "ideas"—was all that could be carried on in human life. Even if that led, as of course it would, to chaos and confusion.

What could a member of the doomed human race expect to accomplish, save more harm in a world already hurt to death? How much easier it would be—and probably it would amount to the same thing in the long run—to stop tormenting himself and everybody else with this straining toward ideals of justice and fairness and the human dignity of democracy, doomed anyhow, no matter what was done here in this last corner of the human termitary.

In such bleak moments, his mind seemed to drop in its tracks, careless of doom settling down on all it had prized, if only it would rest.

It was in this mood that he went, on the last evening before the election, to talk with old Henry Lane, prized tennis comrade, partner, and opponent of his, now working energetically for the election of Peter Gardner. What Mr. Lane said was reasonable, clear-sighted, realistic. Mr. Lane was the honored and honorable president of the Windward County National Bank, and from the intimate knowledge of the town's economic life which his position gave him, he was able to paint for Timothy in vivid and concrete detail the enormous material advantages to Clifford of being known as the town where Jews were not welcome. "Substantial men from all over the East would come here to buy summer homes: they're just *looking* for such a place. We could get anything out of them. They'd be people with money, real money, not the college-professor kind—people who would expect to finance all kinds of community undertakings. It would seem a haven to them . . ."

"Hold on a minute, Mr. Lane. Would you *like* to have our town turned into a haven for the kind of rich people who have no scruples about putting race prejudice into practice?"

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"They'd be the finest kind of American families," Mr. Lane pointed out. "Cultivated, educated, well-bred. And as to ideals, just because they haven't *your* ideals, you've no call to say they haven't any." He went on to paint a contrasting picture of Clifford. "If the Jews got in, the way they have in the Catskills . . ." It was the picture many people had elaborated for his benefit—broad-bottomed women waddling around in shorts and high-heeled pumps, flashy men with cold blood-suckers' eyes, bed-clothes hanging out the windows of fine colonial houses, noisy, ill-bred young bucks shouldering Clifford people off their own sidewalks.

"Why do you contrast the best of one kind with the worst possible of the other?"

"Because that's the way it would be. Those are the facts," said Mr. Lane.

"But nobody dreamed of any need to exclude Jews before!"

"We hadn't been offered more money than the town's worth, all put together, before."

"It really is the money, then?"

"Why sure, the money and all the talk. Nobody outside of Windham County ever heard of Clifford before. Now they have. Keep your feet on the ground, T. C."

Wearily Timothy said, "No use arguing is there? Tomorrow we'll know."

"Yes," said Mr. Lane, "tomorrow we'll know."

X

Mr. Dewey arrived early, cast his vote, and stood on the marble walk at a decorous legal distance from the Town Hall all that day until the ballot boxes were turned. Yet he might have stood beside the voting booths, for in the greeting which he gave to each one of his fellow citizens who came and went there was no mention by name of the issues of that election. He only called on his fellow Americans, one by one, and by name, not to be less than they had been brought up to be. He said, "Now, Jo, you vote so you'll be proud to think about it when you're as old as I be." Or, "How's your wife, Jim? She's comin' to vote, ain't she? Now is the time for all you Merrils to live up to what your grandfather did for this town." "Well, Stanislas, glad to see you and all your boys here. You Poles came to a free country, and we count on the Polish vote to help keep it that way." "Jennie Nye, you were one that worked to get women the vote, wa'n't you? See that you use it right today!"

People took these greetings (which Timothy, Dr. Foote, and the other Foote workers nervously thought might do more harm than good) in various ways. They said neutrally and defensively, "How are you, Mr. Dewey? Glad to see you looking so well." Or belligerently, "Now, Sherwin Dewey, ain't I got a right to vote the way I'm a mind to?" Or earnestly, "I'm all right, Mr. Dewey. You can count on me." Mostly they said nothing, looked nothing, going on, enigmatic, opaque, to cast their unknown ballots.

Everybody came. There had not been such a vote cast since the election more than seventy years ago, when the question was of bonding the town to help get the railroad. Shaggy-haired farmers from the back roads, driving thin horses hitched to hay wagons with all the neighbors piled in; farmers from the good farms on The Other Side, in dark Sunday suits and white collars and neckties; nipping, spike-heeled, short-skirted salesgirls and stenographers from the stores and offices at the depot; civic-minded middle-aged matrons with flat shoes and flat hair; businessmen in well-cut gray or tan sack suits and well-polished brown shoes; stooped, shapeless, elderly Polish women in bulging cotton house dresses and run-over shoes; near-Fifth-Avenue costumes on stout trimly corseted wives of mill owners; working men, young and old, in overalls; girls with tennis rackets, walking lightly, who looked ten years younger than their age; girls looking ten years older than their age, with stringy, unwashed hair and sagging gingham dresses, carrying babies and leading other babies—democracy poured in and out of its temple, casting its mysterious unguessable verdict in the delphic urn of the ballot box.

Just across the street Timothy and a staff of Foote helpers kept track of the names on the check list as people appeared. The same thing was being done by Bowen and the Peter Gardner workers, stationed to the north of the Town Hall. Inquirers sauntered around between the two groups of workers, asking, "Wa-al, how ye think it's goin'?"

"Tell you at six o'clock tonight."

But Timothy knew in his bones that he was beaten. It was in the air, he felt. To see the flood of voters coming and going gave him a visual sense of how few he and Mr. Dewey and their flying squad of helpers had reached. And what the Peter Gardner campaigners had to say was so sane, so sensible. In the prosaic matter-of-fact daylight of the dusty October day, what he and Mr. Dewey had been saying over and over

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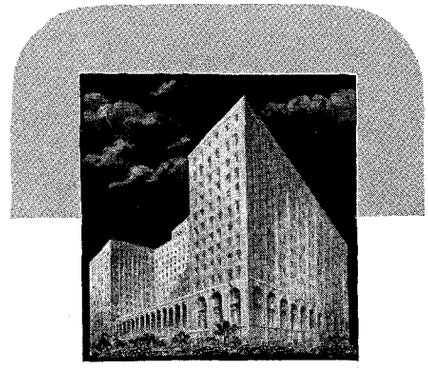

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Transiently from $4 a day

J. S. Walz, *Manager*

L

looked fantastic, freakish, fanatic. These human men and women, each one insulated from impersonal ideals by the massive thickness of his constant daily thought about himself and what he wanted and could get, or what he wanted and could not get—how could anyone expect them to sacrifice an immediate material gain for a hazy ideal and a distant theoretic advantage?

The clock in the tower of St. Andrews boomed once. Half past four.

Timothy crossed the road to ask Mr. Dewey to go back with him to Dewey House and rest. The old man was as pale as his own ghost. "Not till the last vote's in," he said firmly, and, "Good afternoon, Deacon Galusha. We'd begun to wonder where you were. Your vote's needed to help the town stand by the principles we were brought up in."

Timothy stood beside him till the church clock struck five and Ezra Warner stuck his head out of a second-story window to announce to those below, "Board of Civil Authority is just a-turnin' the boxes. No good lettin' anybody else up."

Mr. Dewey nodded gravely to Timothy and walked beside him around the corner to Dewey House. Mr. Dewey sat down, but Timothy got up to walk around, lighted cigarettes, forgot to smoke them, cried, "Dam*na*tion!" and threw them away when they burned his fingers, picked leaves off the big lilac bush and tore them to pieces, kicked holes in the turf, and tried to smooth them down with his foot, went again to sit down on the edge of the porch. Neither spoke. They had said everything there was to say—many times over. Mr. Dewey sat in majestic immobility; Timothy fidgeted, began a hundred trains of thought, dropped them all.

Presently Canby Hunter appeared, shambling along on the sidewalk toward them. "Know how it's goin'?" he called.

"No," said Timothy.

"How about sittin' down?" suggested Canby, letting himself fall in a heap on the porch, half-lying, resting one elbow on the floor, his head on his hand.

"I've been sitting down," said Timothy, continuing to stand.

It was Canby whose ear first caught the sound of someone running. He was on his feet with one bound. Burt Stephenson came around the corner, running, so utterly winded that when he came within hearing distance he could only croak, "S'all right. We won. Foote's elected." He came on more slowly, spent and panting, and leaned against a tree, able to gasp out only four words, "Hundred and forty majority."

No one spoke for a long moment, standing stunned and open-mouthed.

Then Canby sputtered, "Why the damned poker faces! If they were going to vote that way, why in hell wouldn't they give some sign of it! One measly little sign to show what they were thinking about! Everybody working his damn head off, campaigning—and a majority like that on the way! The dead pans! Why, that's a *good* majority! Here, Burt, you poor fish, for hell's sake sit down on the porch!"

Timothy stood in a vacuum. He had no idea what had happened. He reeled back helplessly from the attempt to understand it, to take in even one of its crowded implications for him.

Canby was asking, "Who'll get all that money now, do you suppose? Wheaton's own children, I suppose. And a good thing too. Uncle Tim, what *do* you lay it to? Were they mad about changing the name? Or did some of your talk about the anti-Jew clause get over, I wonder? Or was it jacking up the tuition fees?"

Timothy tried to say, "Oh, Canby, don't talk like a child. Life's no laboratory where you know what you've got in your test tube!" He tried to say, "You'll just have to get used to not knowing why anybody does anything." He tried to cry out just one word, "Glory!"

He said nothing at all—there was no breath in him.

Canby had breath enough. He was going on volubly, "D'you know, I bet my hat a whole lot of it came from something nobody ever said a word about—you saying you'd resign. Money talks! Everybody in town knew that if you'd just kept still about taking that bequest you'd have had four times the salary you've . . ."

He gave a convulsive start and flung up one arm as, astoundingly, incredibly, the crack of a pistol went off behind them—bang! Before they could swing around, bang! another explosion against their very eardrums. Burt clutched at Timothy. Bang! Bang! Bang-bang-bang-bang! a barrage of loud detonations, as from a machine gun at their heels, went off in a nerve-shattering fusillade. With one movement they spun around, all three of them.

Mr. Dewey was holding his walking stick up over his head at arm's length, his battered old hat on it. On the hat a pack of large-size firecrackers made a volcano of noise and smoke and vicious darting flashes of fire. In his left hand was another pack. Catching sight, over his shoulder, of their startled faces, he smiled and said, "Jes' celebratin'."

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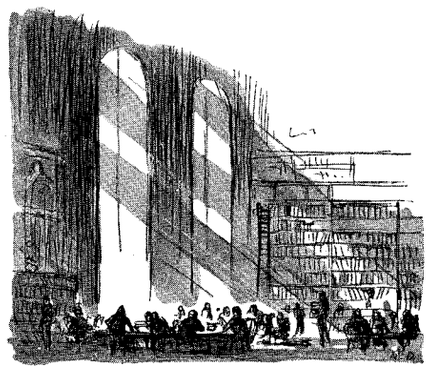

Education of a Statesman

The textbook biographers will wax lyric over the life of Cordell Hull, for he rose to eminence the American way. Born of farming parents sixty-seven years ago in a Tennessee log cabin, Hull got his early education in a rustic one-room school. When he was fifteen he entered Montvale College in Celina, Tennessee. It was not a pretentious place; half the faculty, it is said, was Professor Joe McMillin, who taught surveying, geometry, anatomy, and Greek.

During the off months Hull worked for his father, who had gradually built up a lumber business. Some of the older Tennesseeans recall that the lanky son was an expert log-rafter. There were, by the way, five other sons—Orestus, Sylvanus, Sirnandus, Wyoming, and Roy.

In 1889 Hull went to the National Normal University in Lebanon, Ohio, and from there to Cumberland University Law School. He was admitted to the Tennessee Bar in 1891.

. . . and a Debutante

While our attention was on Mr. Hull, we became curious about the education of another figure in the news—Miss Brenda Frazier, most publicized girl of the current New York society season.

As a youngster, she attended Miss Hewitt's Classes, a fashionable New York institution for girls from four to eighteen. She did not graduate from this school, but moved on to Miss Porter's, in Farmington, Connecticut, which is described in Sargent's *Handbook of Private Schools* as a place for girls from fourteen to nineteen where "a Victorian attitude of genteel superiority and culture still prevails." (At $1800 per year.)

Miss Frazier did not graduate from there either. She went abroad, studied music in Munich, then returned and was caught up in the social merry-go-round. She is now seventeen years old, has $8,000,000 in her own name.

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Three R's in the CCC

On another page of this issue Bergen Evans, author of "I Pick 'Em Up," writes of his hitchhike associations with CCC boys. He finds them energetic, cheerful, and increasingly conscious of society's benefits and responsibilities.

In line with this we would like to pass on some information about the education these boys are receiving, as described in *School Life,* monthly publication of the U. S. Department of the Interior.

The CCC educational program is designed to meet the needs of 260,000 men between the ages of 17 and 23. In the 1500 camps there are more than 23,000 instructors, and during the year ending June, 1938, the average enrollee carried 5.8 class hours per week.

Recently appropriated funds will make it possible for each camp to have an educational office, a library and reading room, five or more classrooms, and vocational shops. Even now the average camp has a library of some 1100 books, and is supplied with 50 magazines and 3 to 5 daily newspapers.

Many schools and colleges have extended their facilities to the camps, last year admitting 6000 men to their classes. Beyond this, monthly correspondence instruction was taken by 15,000 men.

Results for the year: 3517 men received elementary-school diplomas, 634, high-school diplomas, 13, college diplomas, and 8817 illiterates were taught to read and write.

Quotation of the Month

"It is too frequently thought that the American universities are richly endowed because the country is wealthy; it is too often forgotten that the wealth of the country is in large measure due to the contributions that the universities have made to progress through ideas and through men and women trained to put them into practice in all the varied ramifications that make up the activities of a modern society."—I. L. Kandel, in *The Educational Forum.* —R. B.

The Scribner Quiz—Answers

(see page 34)

1. "To panna Ipana is a poor planna!" (1)
2. The Bride of the Adriatic—Venice (3)
3. Croup (5)
4. Duke of Kent (2)
5. The wearing of skirts (3)
6. Cordell Hull (1)
7. *The Young in Heart* (5)
8. Robert Sherwood (3)
9. Fawn (2)
10. Hope (1)
11. Fertility (3)
12. Make some money before he gets old (1)
13. A small, poisonous, evergreen shrub (3)
14. Four (3)
15. Holding a chorus girl on your lap (2)
16. Masterful directing of movies (4)
17. Order of the Purple Heart (3)
18. The arrival of a son or daughter (3)
19. Cedar (2)
20. Wisconsin [Gov. Heil] (1)
21. Guerrillas are China's most effective defense against the Japs (3)
22. A young pigeon that has never flown (1)
23. A stolen car (2)
24. Maud of Norway (3)
25. Automobiles (5)
26. *The Gracie Allen Murder Case* (1)
27. Ft. Peck Dam (4)
28. White House physician (2)
29. Ohio Mugwumps (2)
30. Wing braces (1)
31. Make room for the Jefferson Memorial (3)
32. The silky fibers of the kapok tree (2)
33. Wear glasses for reading and writing (1)
34. Mercury (3)
35. He married a widow, Martha Custis (3)
36. Pittsburgh (4)
37. Poisoning by toxic body substances (2)
38. Duke and Southern Cal. (2)
39. $26,905,182 (3)
40. A leading contemporary U. S. painter (3)
41. By manufacturers to thicken cloth (2)
42. Epworth League (4)
43. Wage and Hour Administrator (1)
44. Battery-charging (2)
45. Texas (6)
46. The sale of an English bulldog (3)
47. Season's richest debutante (1)
48. Francis Bret Harte (3)
49. $75,000 (5)
50. Pan-Amer. Conf. crowds (3)

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MADAME CURIE — *Eve Curie*	☐
THE HORSE AND BUGGY DOCTOR — *Arthur E. Hertzler*	☐
FANNY KEMBLE — *Margaret Armstrong*	☐
PHILOSOPHER'S HOLIDAY — *Irwin Edman*	☐
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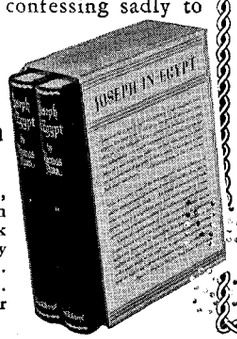

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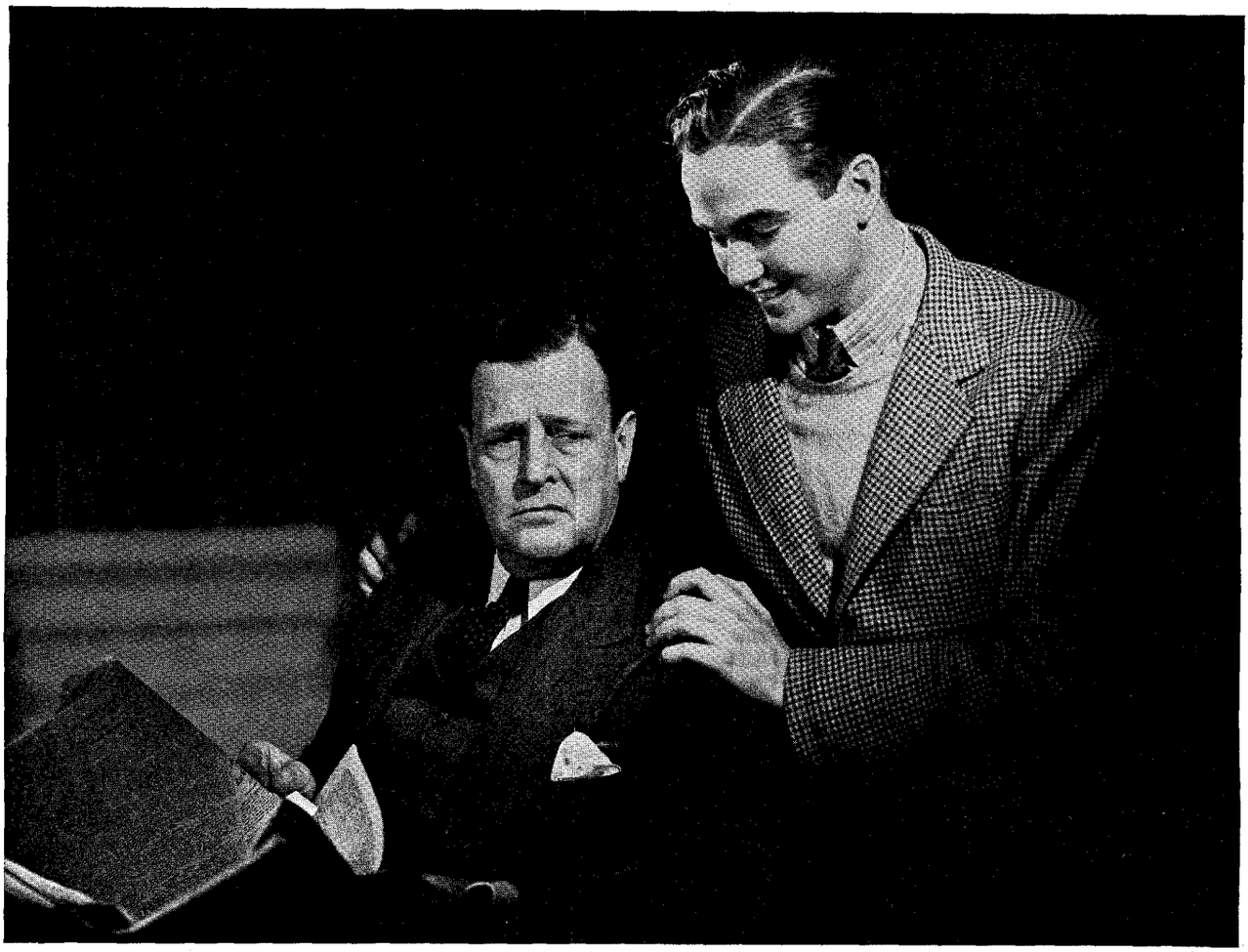

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